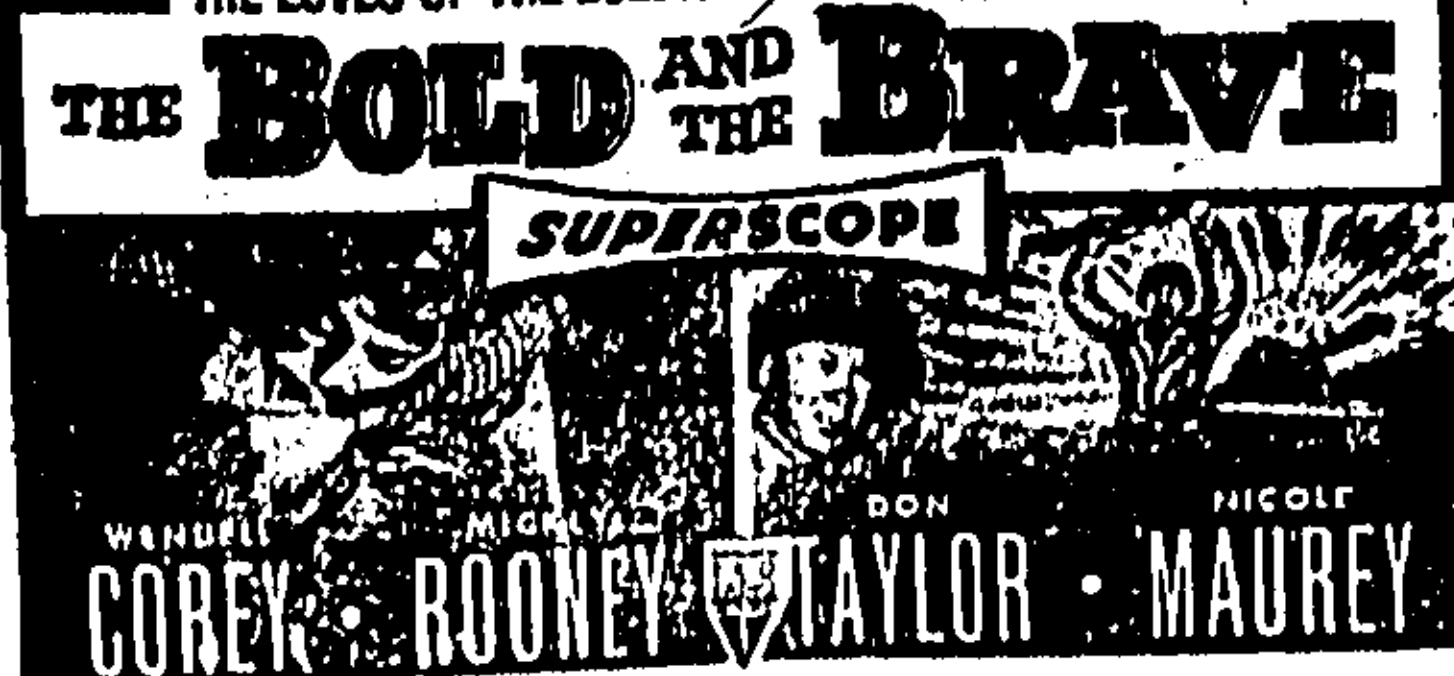


KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

KING'S-5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 12.20 P.M.

THE LOVES OF THE BOLD...THE GLORY OF THE BRAVE!



ADDED: BRAND NEW RKO CARTOON

KING'S: "TICK OR TREAT"
PRINCESS: "SIMPLE THING"

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S—at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
Columbia 20th Century-Fox
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICAL CARTOON
C 3 STORIES PROGRAMME
At Reduced Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50

TO-MORROW, SUNDAY

AT 12.00 NOON

Madan Citra's present a superb Indian picture
"BAGDAD KA CHOR"
(THE THIEF OF BAGDAD)
Starring: CHITRA, DALJEET, Krishna KUMARI,
Yashodhara KATJU and many others
Produced by RAMKUMAR • Directed by SHREERAM
At Regular Prices

ROXY & BROADWAY

DOUBLE ENTERTAINMENT TO-DAY

Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

MISS PAI KWANG ON THE STAGE

Glamorous Actress-Producer-Director Pai Kwang
IN PERSON to enthral you with her latest
Mandarin songs AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.

ON THE SCREEN



Kuo Kwang Motion Picture Co. presents
Miss Pai Kwang
in **"FRESH PEONY"**
A Chinese Picture in Mandarin Dialogue
With Superimposed English Sub-titles
Produced & Directed by
Miss Pai Kwang

AT USUAL PRICES!

BOOK EARLY
TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

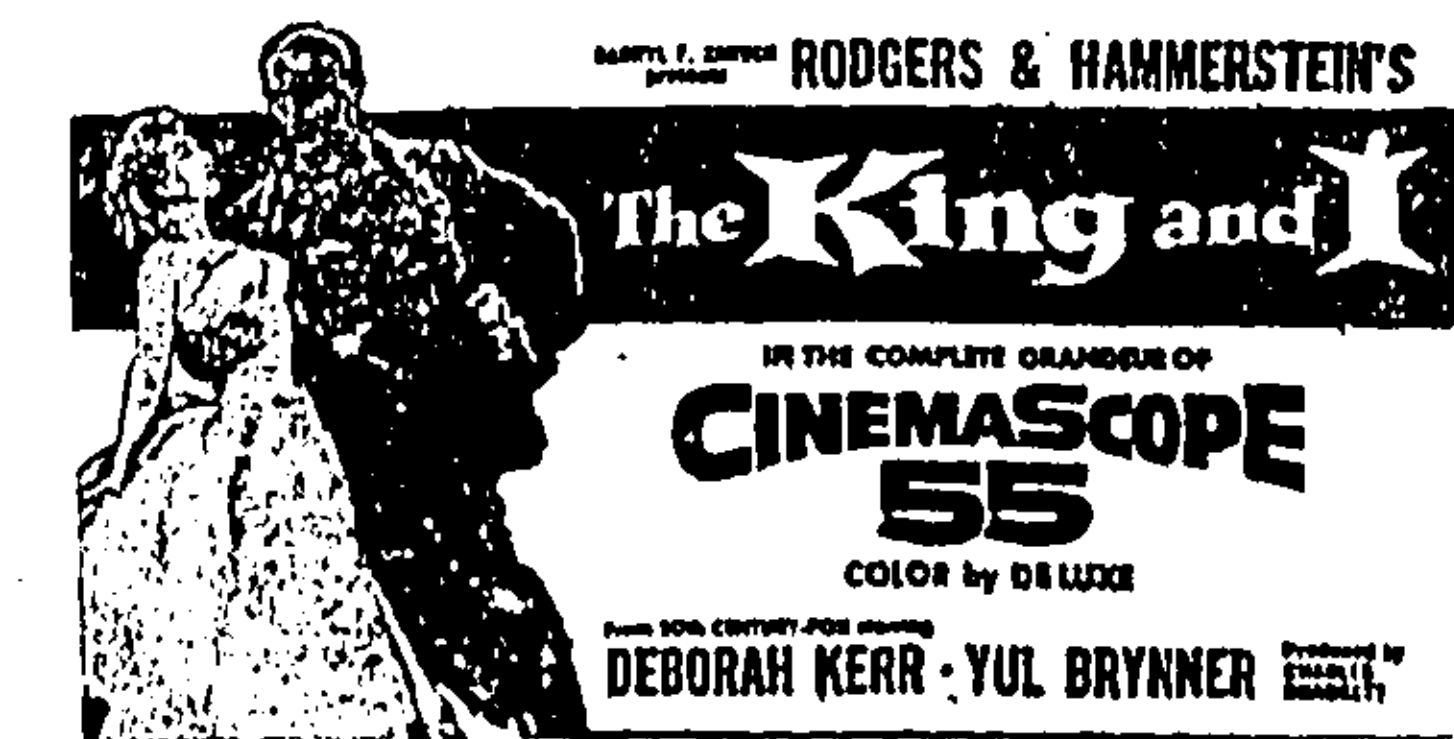
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 noon
20th Century-Fox presents
in CinemaScope & Color
"GARDEN OF EVIL"
Starring: Gary Cooper
Richard Widmark
— Reduced Admission —
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
Walt Disney's
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
"NIGHT AND THE CITY"
Starring: Richard Widmark
At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

Owing to length of film, please note change of times.
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.15—4.45—7.10 & 9.40 P.M.
A film that is acclaimed as Entertainment Perfection!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
ORIENTAL: Marilyn Monroe in "NIAGARA"
MAJESTIC: "TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE"

DAVY, DAVY CROCKETT

KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER!

Attention, Youngsters!
Save Your Money for a

REAL FOX FUR DAVY CROCKETT HAT.

Watch for further announcements of
date and place of sale.

Shipment on S/S President Wilson

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

'Cha Cha Cha Boom'

Of the four first-run films showing in Hongkong this week-end, two have to do with war. The third is frankly escapist and the fourth, "Fresh Peony", about which I wrote last week, is a Mandarin Chinese film made by the very lovely Northern actress, Miss Pai Kwang.

"Cha Cha Cha Boom" will appeal to those who like their music hot, loud and Latin American. Everybody in the city is to be having a good time and here are a soul-searching problem to worry those who dislike to be harrowed.

'The Rack'

"The Rack" is completely different and as with "The Bold and the Brave" does a lot of ferreting about in the minds of the main characters, attempting to show what makes them behave as they do.

The former, like "The Gaine Mutiny", takes place almost entirely in a courtroom and Paul Newman, as the returned officer, is looking for a job. There is a fine acting from everyone, with the possible exception of Walter Pidgeon, and Anne Francis shows that she has a lot more than good looks to recommend her.

'Bold And The Brave'

I was a little disappointed with Wendell Corey in "The Bold and the Brave" but have nothing but praise for Mickey Rooney. He gives the best performance I have ever seen from him and the film is worth going to for this ugly, clever little man alone. His card game is hilarious.

'Fresh Peony'

"Fresh Peony" is one of those somewhat involved Chinese stories about love, loyalty and deception, that depend on a mass of detail to retain the interest.

Miss Pai Kwang deserves every success in this almost one-woman venture and Chinese and foreigners alike will find the picture interesting. It is not as polished as its English and American counterparts, but it must be remembered that this is Miss Pai Kwang's first step into the producing and directing field.

Around The World In 80 Days

"Around the World in 80 Days" is a spectacular movie inspired by Jules Verne's classic adventure story about an Englishman who races around the globe—the year is 1872—simply to win a bet!

New Films At A Glance

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Cha Cha Cha Boom": From the same stable as "Rock Around the Clock". Perez Prado and Orchestra, Helen Gracy.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Bold and the Brave": A coward, a bully and a clown in Italy. Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney, Nicole Maurey.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Rack": The court martial of a naval warship. American actor Paul Newman, Wendell Corey, Walter Pidgeon, Edmond O'Brien, Anne Francis, Lee Marvin.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Fresh Peony": A Mandarin picture with English subtitles in which Miss Pai Kwang stars.

'Cha Cha Cha Boom' Dancers



the fact that it is so huge that the individual scene never has time to develop its full emotional horse-power.

In the circumstances this is unavoidable. Even a picture as good as this—and I consider it one of the best intelligent spectacles ever attempted—could not bearably last for five hours or more.

Notes And News For Film-Goers

Cina Lollobrigida co-stars with Anthony Quinn in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" which the Rank Organisation is to distribute throughout Britain and the Commonwealth, including Canada and Malaya. Completed in Paris recently, the film version of Victor Hugo's classic is in colour and is now being edited. Jean Delannoy directed it for producers Robert and Raymond Hakim. It was made in English by Paris Film Productions at the same studio as "Trapeze".

Flora Robson asks to be locked in the train that takes her daily down to Pinewood Studios from London. "It helps my Canadian accent," she says. Confusing? No. At Pinewood she is co-starring with Michael Craig, Bella St John and William Sylvester in the Rank Organisation's "High Tide at Noon," the story of which is set in Nova Scotia. Flora likes to repeat her lines aloud and on the 40-minute run to Pinewood she learns her part for the day's filming in privacy.

David Niven stars as intrepid traveller Philip Fogg.

The celebrated Mexican comedian Cantinflas plays his manservant, Paspartout.

Co-stars are Shirley MacLaine, cast as an exotic Hindu princess, and Robert Newton, a dim-witted inspector from Scotland Yard.

Producer Michael Todd filmed the movie in his giant-screen process, Todd-ao and Eastman Colour, on location in eight different countries.

As Fogg and his manservant whiz through Spain and Siam, travelling by rail, ship, balloon and elephant, you will be amused to spot dozens of internationally famed players in sharp, brief "cameo" roles.

Joan Crawford's Selections



Joan Crawford, one of America's foremost film players for a quarter century, writing from her home in West Los Angeles, selects these plays as the greatest impression upon her in all of her theatre-going experience:

1. Victoria Regina
2. My Fair Lady
3. The King and I
4. Inherit the Wind
5. South Pacific
6. Middle of the Night
7. Peter Pan
8. Come Back, Little Sheba
9. The Diary of Anne Frank
10. Lady in the Dark

'War And Peace'

Tolstoy, like Shakespeare, was a genius who knew everything about the complex nature of the human mind, spirit and soul.

His supreme masterpiece "War and Peace" is so vast in scope, so comprehensive in its

working out, that any summary of what it is about must run into many pages and still remain an absurd over-simplification.

Almost everything in the range of human experience is covered—from the heart-searchings of a young girl in love to a profound analysis of the nature of war, from the shallow artifices of a decadent Court and society to a study of a man opposed to violence and war at a time when it was not fashionable to think in that way. People and ideas pour through this story in every conceivable variety.

Honest

The background to all this is the tremendous Napoleonic wars from Austerlitz to the retreat from Moscow.

To commit to celluloid all that is contained in and implied by this novel would require a film running not three and a half hours but three and a half months.

The most that a film producer can hope to do is to provide a set of animated illustrations to the original: an honest and tasteful pictorial summary that can hint of the hugeness of the original without attempting to embrace it.

"War and Peace" is a magnificent attempt to achieve this impossible task.

It is vast, beautiful, in perfect taste, admirably cast and acted, overwhelming in its spectacular impact, fully capable of holding the interest for three and a half hours, and at least cuts a few feet down into the limitless bulk of Tolstoy.

Good And Bad

Here are the best period battle scenes—Austerlitz, Borodino, the retreat from Moscow—ever screened. But here, too, is a delicate study by Audrey Hepburn of a young woman maturing through heartbreak from adolescence to womanhood; and a subtle analysis by Henry Fonda of an intelligent man trying to maintain a balanced attitude towards the war and violence from which instinctively he shrinks.

There is an effective Napoleon by Herbert Lom, and an even more effective portrait of the Russian commander Kutuzov by Oscar Homolka.

Milly Vaino, May Britt, Lea Seidl, Mel Ferrer and Vittorio Gassman all contribute to the huge mosaic of the good and bad in "Russia" that re-created Napoleon.

But first praise must go to the director, King Vidor, for his kindly handling of the great crowd scenes, and to the director of photography, Jack Cardiff, for the superlative Technicolor results he has achieved.

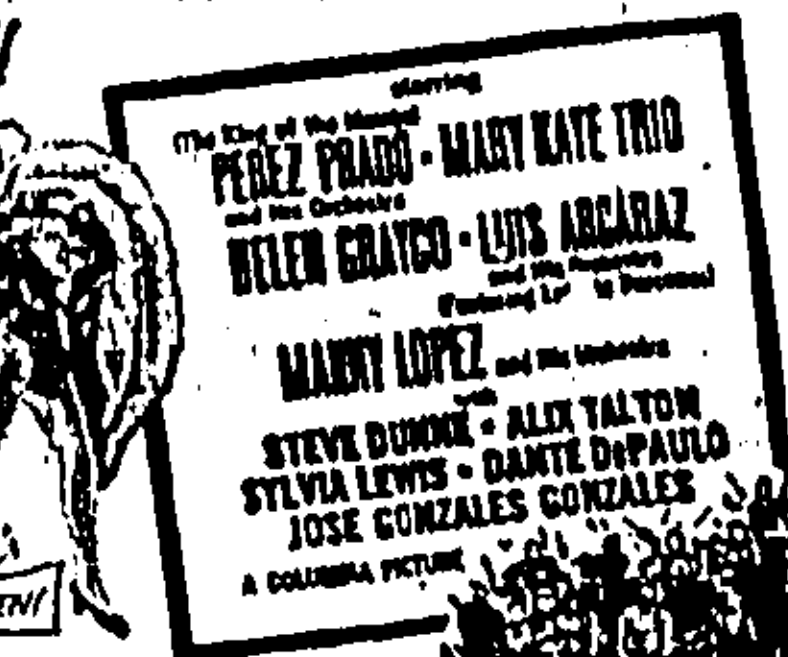
It may be objected that "War and Peace" is so vast in scope, so comprehensive in its

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.50 P.M. 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.50 P.M.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

SENSATIONAL!!!



• SUNDAY MORNING AT 11.30 A.M. •

QUEEN'S
WB presents
Richard Todd

ALHAMBRA
Walt Disney's
Technicolor
"Rob Roy"

"The Dam Busters"

Starring Richard Todd

AT REDUCED PRICES

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60148, 60848

TO-DAY 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



PAUL NEWMAN • WENDELL COREY
WALTER PIDGEON • EDMOND O'BRIEN • ANNE FRANCIS • LEE MARVIN
WITH PERSPECTA STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND
SUNDAY MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER at 11.30 a.m. LIBERTY at 12.00 noon
M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS "KING'S VALLEY"
in CinemaScope Robert Taylor

CAPITOL CITY 2

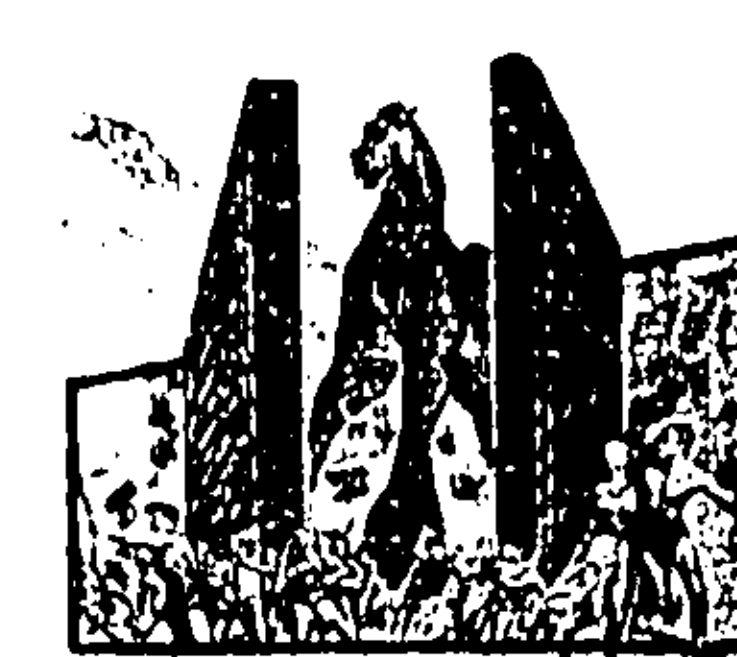
Commencing To-day
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



— NEXT CHANGE —
"ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK"

— COMING —
"ODONGO"



HELEN OF TROY
ROSSANA PODESTINI • JACK SERNAS
To-morrow Morning Show
"BRIGADOON"

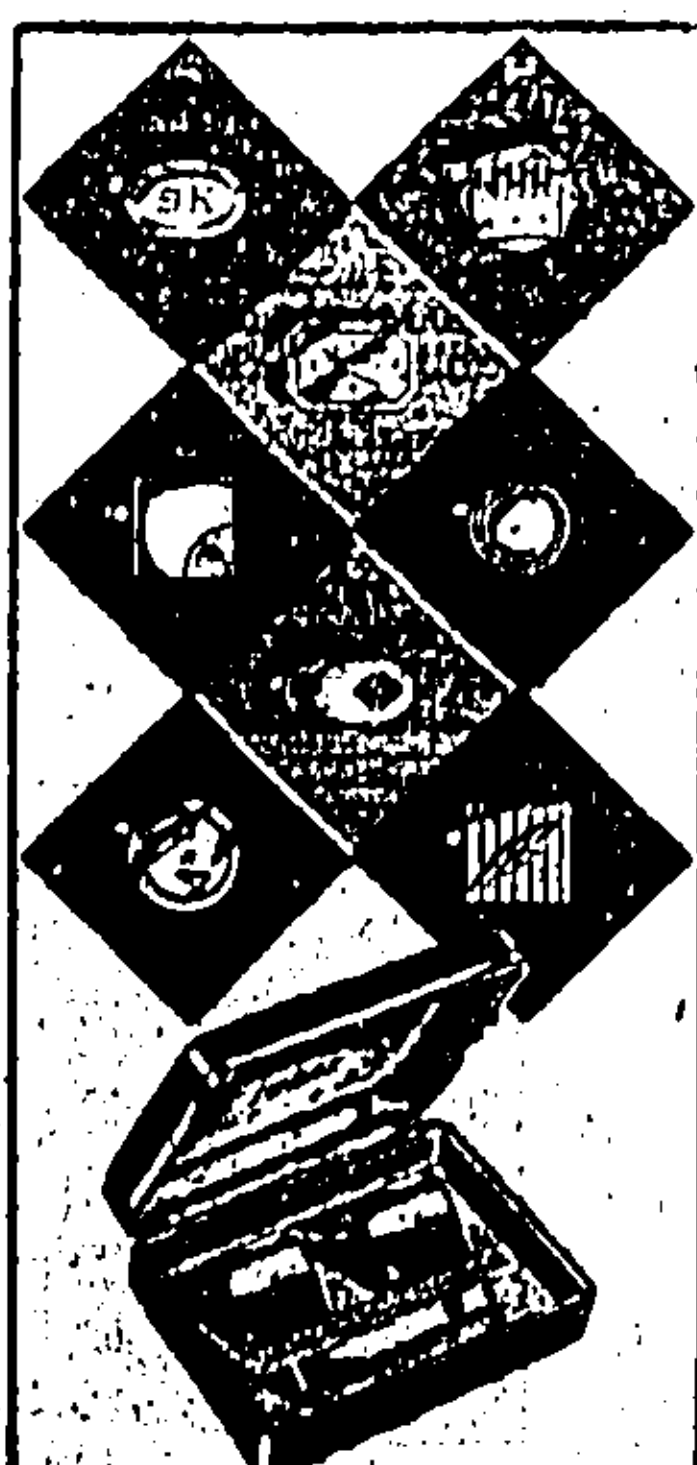
X'MAS CARDS

Exclusive Designs by

Col. V. R. BURKHARDT, D.S.O., O.B.E. (Pioneer)

Feast of the Hungry Ghosts
Dragon Boat Festival
Birthday of Kuan Yin
Tam Kung Festival
The Bun Festival
Ching Ming

Obtainable only from
SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD.
PRINTING DEPT.
Wyndham Street. Telephone 20002



the Elegance of
SWANK

Every man on your list will appreciate a gift of SWANK! STERLING SILVER sets or cuff links and matching ties. SWANK is available at all leading stores.



A gracious welcome to your guests

AGENTS: GILMAN & COMPANY LTD.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Those Seconds Of Darkness Eat Into Our Light

'BLINK TIME'—2 HOURS A DAY

Chicago. An American eye specialist has come out with an amazing calculation: we spend a total of between 13 1/2 hours to 2 hours ten minutes a day—blinking!

That presupposes that we are awake for 16 hours a day. The specialist estimates people spend 11 to 14 per cent of their waking hours blinking. Dr. Newton Wesley, an authority on blinking, said a nervous high-strung person might blink as much as 40 per cent of the time.

MEN MORE

He discussed blinking, working and associated phenomena at the First National Contact Lens Congress.

"Men blink more than women," he said. "The average man blinks once every three seconds. The average woman has a blink rate of once in four seconds."

Dr. Wesley, Vice President of the Plastic Contact Lens Co., said the world's fastest blink is probably 3/10 of a second. The average, he said, is 4/10 of a second.

NATURE'S WAY

"Blinking is nature's prescription for washing and resting the eye," he said. "It propels tears over the cornea."

But blinking also can be a nervous habit.

"Blinking people with artificial eyes look at the contact lens," he said.

Dr. Wesley said the average blinker produces tears at the rate of 1/3 of a drop an hour. Crying increases the output 100 per cent.

Except when a person weeps, a natural green around the eye lids keeps the tears from spilling over.

Babies may scream and yell. Dr. Wesley said, but most of them don't shed a tear or blink until they're nine months old.

NIGHT AND DAY

Dr. Wesley said blinking and crying were natural functions which must be taken into consideration in the fitting of contact lenses. The lenses in so that tears can wash the cornea beneath the lens.

Herr Wilhelm Sohnges, noted German expert and developer of the micro-lens, told the Congress he had 800 patients who had worn their contact lenses day and night without ever removing them for six months. One patient, he said, has worn them without interruption for two years.—United Press.

Atomic Trains In Russia

Moscow. Russia has a design for an atomic locomotive, Moscow Radio announced, but it is too big for normal tracks even in Russia where they are extra wide.

Soviet engineers have completed plans for an 8,000 hp atomic unit designed to run on a nine-foot wide track, the broadcast said. The atomic locomotive will run 1,000 miles on an ounce of fuel, the broadcast added.—United Press.

£11-A-Week Vicar Says: Don't Raise Our Wages

Folkestone. The Rev. Arthur Cleverly Cawston came home from Evensong to explain how he makes ends meet on £11 14s. a week. "I suppose," said the 61-year-old vicar of All Souls, Folkestone, thoughtfully, "it's all a matter of marrying the right wife."

Censored Play For The Queen

London. THE Queen is to see a censored version of a play that shocked her grandfather.

On Wednesday she visits the French company of Madeleine Renaud and her husband, Jean-Louis Barrault, at the Palace Theatre, London.

The play she will see is the Queen's own choice—*"Olympia"* (after *"Amleto"*). The bedroom farce which King George VI. called "the hottest thing I ever saw on the stage."

THREE AFFAIRS

It concerns Amelie's three love affairs, and the highlight is a scene where she wakes in astonishment, after a hazy night out in Montmartre, to find herself in bed with one of the young men.

But it will not happen in London.

The Lord Chamberlain forbids men and women to appear in bed together on the stage.

Otherwise the Queen will see the play just as Paris saw it, and just as her grandfather saw it 48 years ago. The Lord Chamberlain has not cut a line.

The Doctor Brewed Beer In His Washing-Machine

London. Just think of it—beer at 2d. a pint; strong stuff, no nasty chemicals, and NO TAX.

But it could not last, decided horrified Customs and Excise officials.

They read about the private brew made by a doctor in his wife's washing-machine, in the "Houses for Sale" advertisement columns of a newspaper.

"Modern semi-det., res. (1928), 4 bedrooms, 2 rec. good b. and k. lino-tiled" they read.

Then "Garden with shed in which resident psychiatrist matures the excellent beer he brews in electric clothes boiler."

'Amazed'

That appeared on a Sunday. The next morning an Excise Inspector called at the doctor's house in South East London and asked for a sample pint.

"I was amazed," said the estate agent, Mr. Roy Brooks, of Gloucester Road, Kensington, last night.

"I only mentioned the beer for a joke—I didn't think it would make rounds the snoopers."

Earlier Mr. Cawston had shaken the Canterbury Diocesan Conference by demanding the rejection of a wage increase.

"I believe that widespread demands for higher wages are bringing the nation to misery and disaster," thundered Mr. Cawston. "It is our duty, we priests of the Church, to be the first to call a halt to any further increase in wages."

No Profit

In his rambling, draughty eight-roomed vicarage—"It costs me £2 a week for heat and light"—Mr. Cawston explained: "We have in fact let off part of the vicarage as a furnished flat but we are still paying for the conversion, which takes all the profit."

"We spend 25s. a week for the lady who comes in for two hours daily. Then my wife and I smoke a little—says 5s. a week between us. I am a very keen photographer—at the moment we are producing a film strip on the activities of the Church—say 5s. a week."

Their Wages

He paused cheerfully. "Food? Oh, food. Well, I'm sure my wife doesn't spend much more than—say 35s. a week on that."

At the conference Mr. Cawston had added: "I know many people have a great deal of money in their pay-packets, but many more are struggling to maintain families on less than £10 a week."

"I don't like my parishioners being asked to increase my salary out of their wages."

But the conference adopted wage proposals for the minimum, a £25 annual increase for many clergymen, with an aim for a future £650 a year.

NIGHT-AND-DAY FOOD SUPPLY FOR WIVES

New York. The American housewife of the immediate future will be able to buy her food supplies any time of the day or night, including weekends, as a result of automatic outdoor machines. The first of these machines has been installed at Elmwood, New Jersey.

The equipment was installed as an experiment by one of America's largest super-markets.

Milk And Eggs

It was so successful that it is now to be introduced in every city and town throughout the country where there are company stores.

Customers can select 45 food items from the machines—

milk, eggs, bread, margarine, frozen fish, meat, coffee, tea and cooked meals.

In one section of the super-market there are water tanks with live lobsters, from which shoppers can make their own selection, then have it cooked while they finish shopping.

They may also choose a fresh chicken near by and have it roasted on a turntable.

Gramophone, Radio And Now TV—But They Can't Stop Barrel Organs

Rome. People say the gramophone put Bonafede's father out of the barrel-organ business and that now Bonafede himself is the victim of radio and television.

However, this white-haired and ruddy faced, 60-year-old organ-grinder of Rome, flatly denies it. He says it was the music composers who are his ruin for they give this ancient musical instrument little thought when they write their new catchy tunes.

It is difficult to find anyone who knows Bonafede by any other name or where he actually lives in the old San Lorenzo quarter of the Eternal City.

SEVEN OF 10

But he can be found most days pushing his barrel-organ along the narrow cobbled streets in the outskirts. The only reason he would not be found in the heart of the city is that police put it out of bounds to him because there is too much traffic.

Bonafede is the standard-bearer of Rome's barrel-organ business. There are only 10 licensed instruments and Bonafede holds seven of them. The other three are held by men he trained and who afterwards bought second hand organs and set up in competition. But the maestro shrugs for the business is not easy and there are lots of tricks of the trade these competitors do not know.

Competition does not last very long, says Bonafede, though there is always someone who comes along and tries. There are ancient rights to know about. And an organ-grinder has to contend with licenses, taxes, difference of opinion with police, and the payment of royalties to composers.

MUST READ MUSIC

Fifty years ago barrel-organs were made in several Italian cities such as Rome, Naples and Bologna. Now every factory has closed down and there are no experts around to repair those which exist—except Bonafede. "I'm an organ-grinder today but I'll be a business man, repair

man, and he has to know how to play his instrument too, which is an art in itself, says Bonafede. In addition he must be able to read music otherwise he would not be able to fit some of these modern tunes into his barrel-organ.

Bonafede's seven instruments were the best that money could buy. A few are small, on legs, and the others are on wheels, each artistically and colourfully designed. All of them can take 10 tunes and the pin-studded cylinders have 64 strikes or notes for a waltz and 48 for a rumba or a tango. This is enough to play the melody of an old tune but not for modern songs, Bonafede says. That is why an organ-grinder must know how to read music so he can cut down the refrain carefully to fit it into the organ's limited number of strikes.

ANOTHER BONAFEDE

What happens is a bel pizzicco (nice mors) for a music critic's ear, but it is near enough and the people do not really mind. It is the old songs, the colour, the tradition, and the personality of the organ-grinder that people like anyway, Bonafede says, with something new just once in awhile.

There should be the traditional monkey which health authorities forbid and organ-grinders should be allowed to go into the centre of the city at least two or three times a month so that other people can hear and see them, says Bonafede, because everybody loves an organ-grinder.

At the moment Bonafede is training a young man who is called Bonafede and who the maestro hopes will succeed him in the business. There are many gossips but no one really knows if this young man is his son or has just taken the name so that Rome will continue to have a Bonafede organ-grinder.

NO TRANSMITTERS, BUT EVERY SUNDAY

Freak Broadcast Puts Parson On The Air

London. Every Sunday evening the people of Billingshurst, Sussex, sit round their radio sets to hear the voice of their Congregational minister. Reception is good. The voice is loud and clear.

The programme is never advertised, there are no transmitters, and the minister, the Rev. Norman Jones, has never broadcast officially.

Yet his sermons are always picked up around 275 metres. The "ghost" broadcast was heard again last week on the radio set in the manse, next door to the church.

His wife, Mary, turned up the volume and adjusted the tuning. "1—2—3—4... this is the Reverend Norman Jones speaking from the pulpit of the Trinity Congregational Church."

Mr. Jones, 44-year-old former London advertising executive, told me: "I think it must have something to do with the church's internal amplifying system."

"We have five loudspeakers round the walls."

Two-Mile Range

"This must have been going on for years. I didn't know about it until one of my congregation said 'I didn't know you were going to be on the radio last night.'"

"I don't think my range is much further than a couple of miles or so."

Mrs. Hugh Wacey, of West Street, said: "It's wonderful. I can hear the minister better on my radio than I can in church."

Her friend, Miss Jane Bell, said: "I've heard it too. I think it's useful for old people who can't get to church. I hope it continues."

Mr. Jones is doubtful. "Perhaps the Post Office will object," he said.

A radio engineer explained that the broadcast is caused by a fault in the amplifier which makes it act as a transmitter.

8TH CENTURY MANUSCRIPT

Fritzlar. A Franciscan monk classifying the monastery library here has found a parchment with a Gothic inscription dating from the eighth century.

It is a relic of the missionary work of Irish and Scottish priests who helped to bring Christianity to this part of Germany.

Saint Boniface, Wessex-born "Apostle of the Germans," founded a Benedictine monastery here in 732 A.D. — China Mail Special.

WOMAN WILL DRIVE CAB

Milan. Lina Canuto, 32, became the first woman in Italy to be officially authorised to drive a taxi-cab here.—United Press.

Sound 'Eye' Now For The Blind

Cambridge, Mass. An electric eye which converts light to sound to aid the blind in locating objects was unveiled recently.

The audio-vision probe was invented by the late Dr. Clifford M. Wither, who was blind from infancy.

Dr. Wither, a research physicist, was a staff member in the sensory aids project at Massachusetts Institute of Technology until his death at the age of 42 last month.

The new instrument is intended for use by blind laboratory technicians, secretaries and other blind people. It is about the size of a large fountain pen and is connected to an earphone like that of a hearing aid.

When a blind person passes the instrument over an object or points it at something he wants to explore, it hears a sound which varies in pitch according to the degree of light and shade which meets the instrument.

The audio-vision probe can locate objects and markings, including the pointers on electrical meters and other laboratory apparatus, distant sources of light such as windows and doors, printed areas on paper, and many other objects or markings which are made "visible" by contrast to light and shade.—United Press.

ROLEX

74% of Switzerland's Ladies Wrist-Chronometers produced by ROLEX!

Only 650 ladies wrist-chronometers were produced in Switzerland in 1955. Of these, ROLEX alone produced 480. Here's the proof that ROLEX leads the world in the production of the finest ladies watches.

MODEL 5106, MODEL 5809, MODEL 5702, MODEL 5320, MODEL 5625

Gift suggestions—

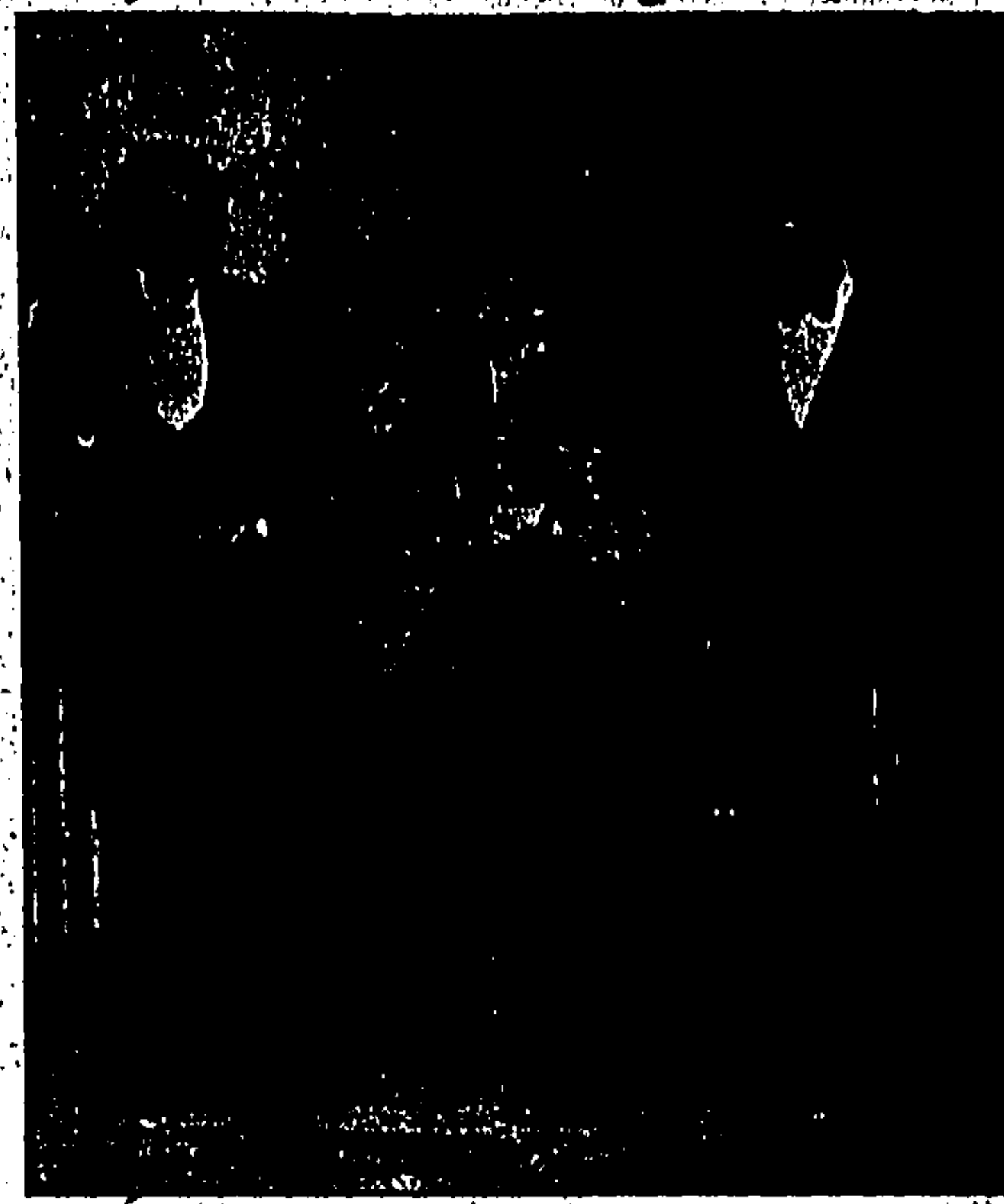
SEE OUR GREATEST VARIETY AND BEST VALUE in POWDER COMPACTS and BRUSH SETS NOW ON DISPLAY

g.m. arthur & co.

100 KNOX'S LEADING JEWELLERS

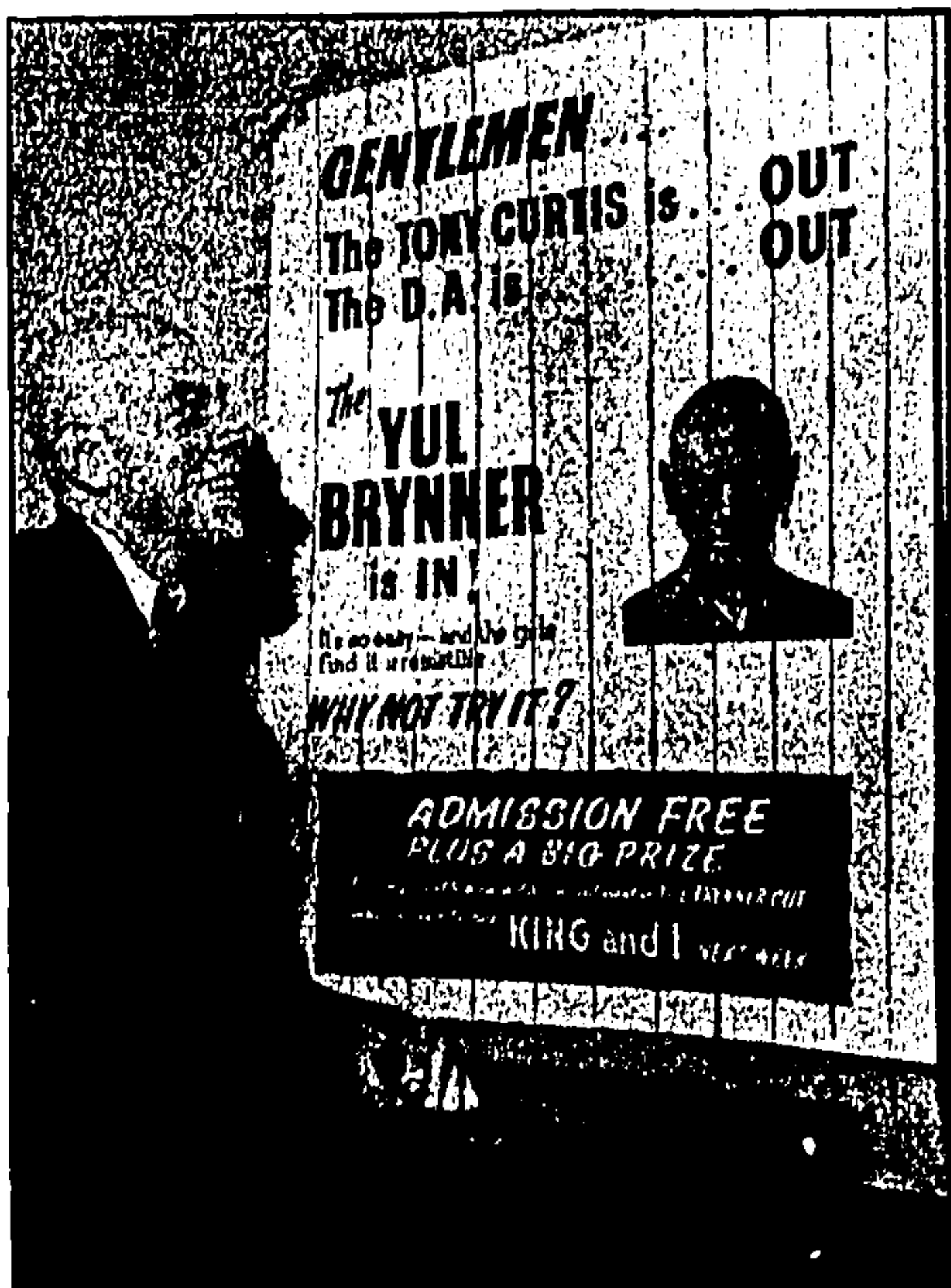
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

Prince Charles — Footballer



PRINCE CHARLES played soccer in public for the first time a few days ago. He kicked the ball with a crowd of shouting playmates from the school he joins for recreation. Playing dress for the Prince was the team's standard brown pants and brown sweater. The game was fast rough-and-tumble, with few rules and whistle stops to spoil the continuity. The Prince played for 45 minutes, was scratchless and unmuddied. Left: You play forward! Above: He has the ball — but for how long? (Express Exclusive)

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN leaves a private party in London's tony Belgravia. The host, Mr Peter Carter, a tea broker, is on the right. He and the Queen are godparents to the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs Andrew Elphinstone. Mrs Elphinstone is one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting. (Express)



MANAGER Don Palmer of the Granada cinema in Greenford hardly expected any takers in the gimmick contest he devised to publicise "The King And I." It just goes to show how wrong a fellow can be, for quicker than you can say Slam 18-year-old Derek Daley was down at the barber's getting his crowning glory taken off. (Express)



MEMBERS of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition shoot off streamers to friends and relatives on the London wharveside as the Antarctic ship Magga Dan sets sail for the south. Prominent among the streamer throwers is Dr Vivian Fuchs, expedition leader, nearest camera. (Express)



A farewell kiss for Marilyn Monroe at London Airport before she flew back to America with her playwright-husband, Arthur Miller, after completing "The Sleeping Prince." Kissing her — Sir Laurence Olivier, who directed the film and co-starred with Miss M. That's Vivien Leigh on the left. (Express)



MR Charles Moir, BOAC catering officer in Cairo, is the first Briton detained by Nasser to be released. He has now flown back to England. He still doesn't know why he was singled out and allowed to leave Egypt. (Express)



BELOW: Some of the students of King's College, London, with armfuls of cleaning equipment and paint, setting out for Donington Hall, Leicestershire, to prepare the 70-room mansion for Hungarian refugees. (Express)

PROFESSOR Harry Messel, 34-year-old Canadian-born atom expert, is now in London scouting for scientific talent to join him at Australia's Sydney University, where in three years he has built up a top team of atom scientists. (Express)



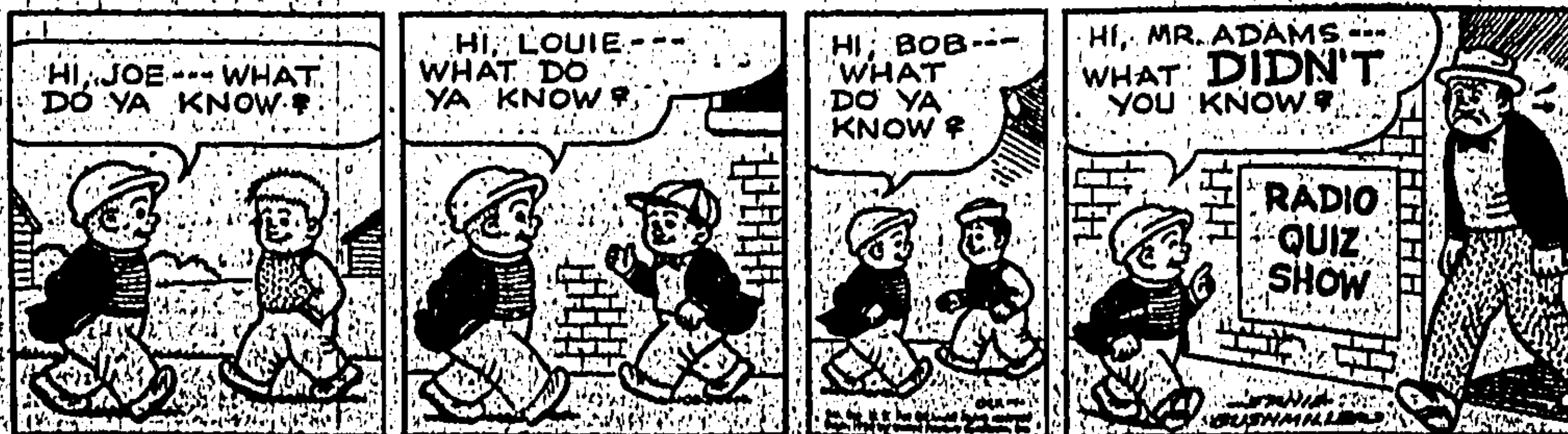
VIVACIOUS Windmill girl Sandra Penders, a native Londoner, seen with Jack Denning in rock 'n' roll on the stage of the famous London variety theatre. She is one of the newcomers to the latest edition of non-stop Revuedeille. (Central)



MEL FERRER and his wife, Audrey Hepburn, at the London premiere of the marathon (3½ hour) film, "War And Peace," in which they play the leading parts. The film of Tolstoy's classic is breaking records at the Plaza cinema. (Express)

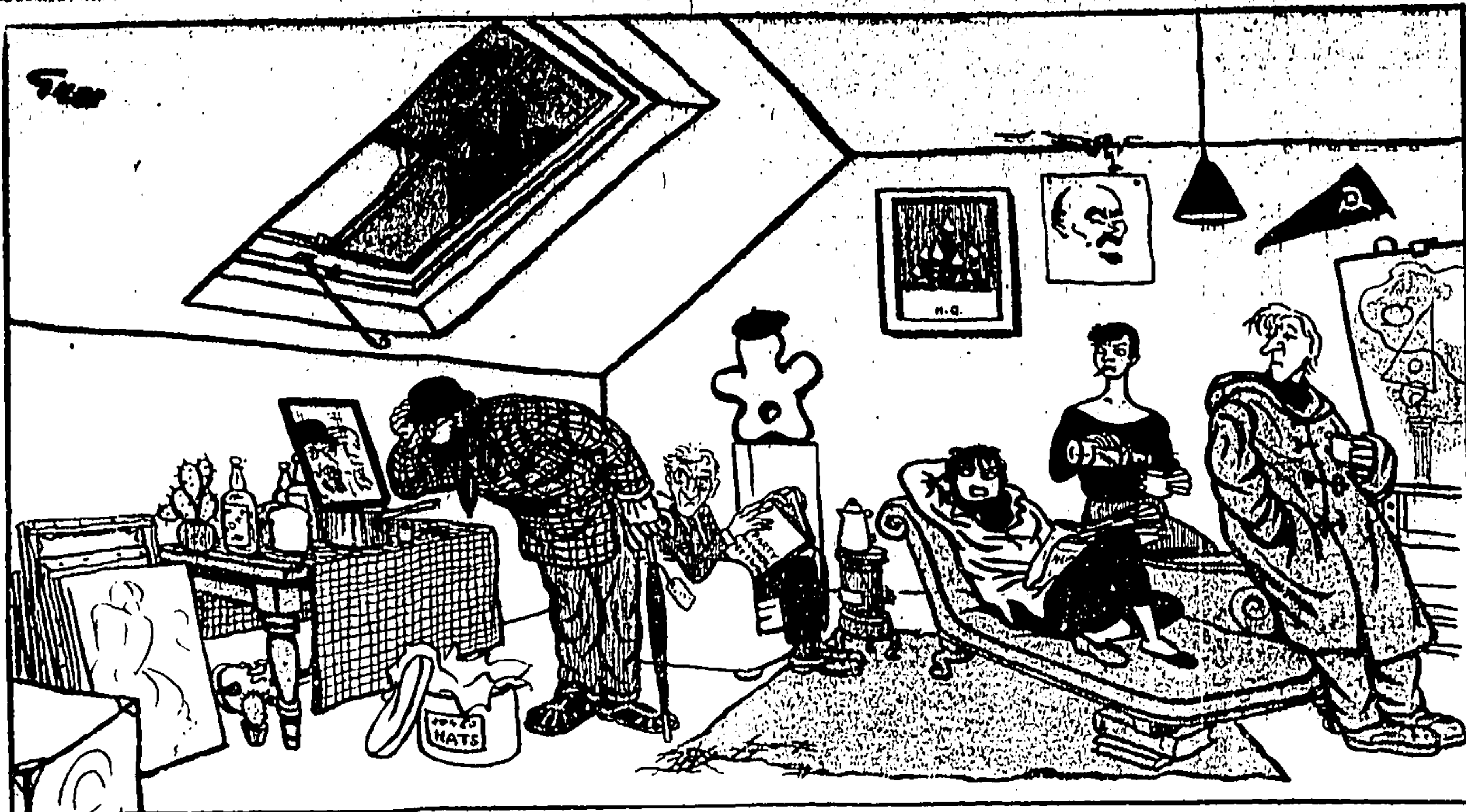


NANCY



ROWNTREES





"Honey, can't you simply resign from the Party and leave it at that?"

PARIS NEWSLETTER from SAM WHITE

THE MAN WHO SOLD JETS TO ISRAEL

ONE of the most remarkable figures in present day France has played a massive role in recent months in carrying out the French Government's policy of arming Israel. This is 63-year-old Marcelle Dassault, manufacturer of the Mystere jet fighter, far and away the best plane France has produced in a generation. The initial delivery of 20 Mysteres was made to the Israelis some time ago and this has been increased since then.

But by what number remains a closely guarded military secret.

SINGLE-MINDED

LITTLE known before the war, when he was an obscure aircraft manufacturer, Dassault, who looks like an elongated Robertson Haro, now ranks just behind Boussac as one of the two most powerful men in France.

His assault on the centres of power since the war has been prodigiously successful and ruthlessly single-minded. He is a director of some 30 companies, most of them connected with aircraft and building. He has established his own bank. He controls the Paris Press, a successful Paris daily and the Jour de France, a big circulation weekly.

His friends in Parliament seem to rotate in cabinet posts.

Dassault, a dour and unattractive personality, came

back to France after a brief interment in Buchenwald — he is a member of a distinguished French Jewish family. He resumed his aircraft business, which dates back to the 1914-18 war, with money paid to him by the French Government as compensation for German destruction.

When he goes to the annual Farnborough air show he wears a tartan-lined overcoat, the squares of which he uses as an improvised tape measure.

REMARKABLE

EX-QUEEN Elizabeth of Greece, who died the other day, adopted and enabled Marc Faurat, a 33-year-old Parisian. She gave him the title of Prince (the other members of the Hohenzollern family objected to her wish to style him Prince Marc of Hohenzollern).

He is a remarkable young man who composes music without knowing a single note, and paints views of the ex-Queen's native Rumania without ever having been there.

It is doubtful whether he will inherit much more than the title he has been awarded. Elizabeth had a jewel collection but she always claimed that its value was slight owing to the fact that she sold most of her collection to aid Rumanian refugees.

The Villa Rosalba, which she bought, is valued at £20,000. She was robbed of £10,000 worth of jewellery in January of this year.

while guests were listening to a piano recital given by Prince Marc.

A MISSION

PRINCE MUSTAFA EL AYUBI, a 38-year-old Arab prince, who is a descendant of Saladin and head of the religious sect spread over Palestine, Syria and Egypt, the Marabout, is in Paris on an interesting mission. He heads an Arab financial syndicate engaged in buying up French properties in Morocco and Algeria.

These properties are now going at rock-bottom prices because of the number of French soldiers anxious to leave these countries in the face of growing nationalist terror. The prince is French-educated and carries a French passport.

TRUNCHEON-HAPPY

FASHION NOTE (or what to wear to a riot).—During the recent Communist and anti-Communist riots in Paris several French newspaper reporters knowing how truncheon-happy Paris cops can be have taken to wearing crash helmets. These are marked "Press" and underneath "fragile."

One French reporter tells me that he long ago discovered a fool-proof method of turning away police wrath. This is to attend riots carrying a brief case and a loaf of bread. The brief case establishes respectability while the loaf of bread suggests a domesticated citizen living in the quarter who has bought a loaf of bread for the family supper on his way home from the office.

CRISIS NOTE.—The price of a glass of Scotch has jumped from 8s. to 10s. in Monte Carlo because of fears that the international situation may interfere with supplies.

'I had to catch that plane to Vienna' THEY TALK WITH TEARS IN THIS SHADOW CITY

By Anne Scott-James



Vienna
THIS week there's not much waltzing in Vienna. The north wind is knifing across the city. The big parties are cancelled, and there's an occasional riot instead.

The women in the coffee shops talk with tears in their eyes as they stir the whipped cream into the hot chocolate.

Even the famous baroque architecture, which ought to look so splendid, seems sad and seedy in the rain. People talk of one thing only: HUNGARY. The two nations are so closely intertwined.

RUMOUR IS RIFE

The woman who wrapped up my parcel in a shop already has a refugee child in her home.

A man I met by the frontier had come from Linz hoping to creep over and search for her sister and her family.

A girl I dined with was trying not to cry into her soup. Her parents are in Budapest. She got out herself a few years ago in the refrigerated compartment of a meat van.

Like Lisbon in the war, Vienna is now a crossroads for refugees and a seedbed for rumours. (The Austrians are convinced that the Russians have an eye on Vienna.)

I have spent many hours talking to the refugees who poured out before the frontier was closed by Russian tanks. A few still manage to trickle through, including a circus troupe with three bears.

MOST BEAUTIFUL

The Hungarians must be one of the most beautiful races in the world. In spite of the exhaustion and the dirt, the dard clothes and crumpled headscarfs, what riveted my eye were the high, wide cheekbones and the oval chins. Remember, these people are Magyars, not slav-faced Slavs.

I asked dozens of them in a refugee camp why they had left. This wasn't a panic flight from a battle.

• Today I'd planned to write about the best-dressed women in Paris. Half way to the airport I changed my mind and caught the next plane to Vienna. With the border sealed, this is as near as you can get to tormented Hungary, where I think every woman's thoughts have flown . . .

It was escape from something which had tortured them for years.

"We left because we were so terribly poor."

"We left because we loathed the Russians. We have had 10 years of grinding work and great poverty."

"I left because they shot my father four years ago and put my mother in prison."

"We left because it was impossible to send the children to school. Even the little ones had to earn money. In a family of five, four must work to scrape up a living." This was an educated woman who spoke four languages. Her husband had stayed behind to fight.

THEY DREAM . . .

"We left because every Hungarian dreams of being free."

"We left because the Russians are animals."

They lay crowded shoulder to shoulder in a barracks on piles of straw. But small luxuries were arriving every hour — relief work has been loving and quick.

I saw a swarthy gipsy baby lying in white linen sheets in a white leather pram, sent by some wealthy Viennese. Some of the children had toys and there were mounds of large,

red apples from which they could help themselves.

Each day the camps diminish in size, as new homes are found for the Hungarians all over Europe. Even while I was talking to one woman with two young children an Austrian woman arrived, said she had room for three, would provide food, clothes, and pocket money, and whisked the family away.

But the quickest nation to help has been the Swiss. They didn't stop to take names and make lists. They sent buses and carried off 1,000 people.

HE VANISHED

I went one day to have a look at the border. I had to leave the car in a village and walk the last two miles.

The road was flat, misty, desolate, and rather spooky. After a mile I caught up with a man walking in the ditch—a Hungarian-born Austrian who meant just to walk across the border and join in. A perfectly futile mission, but people here are frantic to wade in and help.

Don't ask me how I found out his plans for I had no interpreter. But by exchanging documents, making signs, and getting out a few words, it's remarkable how much you can explain.

At the frontier there was a Russian tank manoeuvring around, a machine-gun rattling off, and a few men rushing out of the Customs house with tommy-guns.

Also an American photographer taking pictures from a ditch. I asked him which noise was which and who was attacking who and he said crossly: "I never heard anyone ask such damned-fool questions in my life."

By the time we had finished arguing my Hungarian friend

I send this food talk, not with flippancy, but because food and rescue work, wine and war talk, gentle zither music amid sinister rumours seem all to be a part of Vienna.

IT REMINDS ME OF THE THIRD MAN.

NOT ALL GLOOM

Though Vienna is a city living in a shadow, I don't want to make it seem all gloom.

A lot of the plump, cosy Austrian charm breaks through. The opera is crowded and extremely good, the shops are busy, there is music in the inns, and the food is superb.

I made a lightning swoop round the Viennese fashion business.

NEWS is the fast-growing export of cashmere sweaters (Scotland beware) and the rise of coats and suits in traditional loden cloth. These, in smart new styles, are going out to the top class British and American stores, and are scooping the front covers of American magazines.

The ultra-Tyrolean styles are not much in evidence, except for rather charming children's clothes. There is a welcome shortage of wool embroidery and cut-out felt.

I could go on for ever about the food here. Behind all the sadness in Vienna there is a background of stupendous eating.

As the men plan genuinely gallant rescue work their jaws are clamping through roast baby pork.

THE THIRD MAN

You all drink in an inn to the heroes of Hungary—and you drink in good wine.

A woman weeps as she tells you about an orphan who arrived with a ticket round its neck, and as she talks she unconsciously adds another dollop of cream to the chocolate cake.

Here, food is the great pleasure and the great comfort. (A better one, come to think of it, than drugs or drink.)

Order your copy now — \$5.

1956 GILES ANNUAL

stock will be limited.

Bookings accepted at

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD. HONG KONG & KOWLOON

THE C.O. WAS STRUGGLING IN THE SEA... COULD THE YOUNG PILOT HELP HIM? IT MEANT DEATH —BUT STILL HE BALED OUT

DURING my own experience as a fighter pilot I personally witnessed hundreds of acts of extraordinary heroism. But now I am going to tell you the story of a squadron commander and a young Australian pilot, neither of whom I ever met.

It is a story of great bravery and deliberate, cold-blooded sacrifice.

It so impressed me at the time that I jotted down the bare facts in my diary. Recently I have checked them from official records and from the people who still remember.

Geoff Warnes, from all accounts, was a robust and cheerful character. He joined 268 Squadron as a pilot officer in 1941. Just over a year later he was commanding the squadron, and he was wearing both the D.S.O. and the D.F.C.

A LEGEND

HE had poor eyesight. But the doctors had fixed him up with contact lenses, and as one of his party tricks he would loosen the lenses and let them drop into

his tankard. The locals at his favourite pub knew the trick. But casual visitors got quite a shock.

Legend has it that Geoff Warnes took a glass of stout, with his morning bath, and smoked a cigar immediately after it.

He was not only gay and tough. He was also a leader of men.

It was one of those dreary February days of the late winter. There was no blue sky, and no high cumulus clouds drifted across wide horizons. It was the sort of day pilots hate, when cloud and sea merge into a grey, yielding blanket, and a flight over the sea meant a lot of instrument work for the leader.

SACRIFICE

IT was bitterly cold. Below the clouds the sea looked black and choppy—so cold that a pilot would be dead in less than an hour unless he was rescued. So choppy that the little dinghy which fighter pilots carried clipped to their parachute harness would soon be awash.

Warnes led nine Typhoons to Hornsby over the night. From there they took off for a fighter sweep over France, but low snow clouds over the enemy coast made Warnes abandon the planned operation. Sooner than return empty-handed he decided to keep low and have a look for

Group Captain J. E. Johnson, DSO & 2 bars, DFC & bar, the top-scoring Allied fighter pilot of the war, continues the story of the battle as he saw it. Today—the drama of a pilot's deliberate, cold-blooded sacrifice....

enemy shipping to the west of the Channel Islands.

Disaster overtook the squadron about 10 miles west of Guernsey. They were still flying only a few feet above the sea in their wide, search formation, when the engine of the leading Typhoon cut and Warnes said:

"I'm going to ditch."

The eight pilots circled over their leader. One pilot climbed up a few hundred feet and gave a long transmission for the air-sea rescue organisation. Good fixes were obtained from the wireless receiving stations at Middle Wallop and Exeter.

A young Australian pilot, Flying Officer Tuff, who had been a member of the squadron for eight months, flew low over the ditched Typhoon and saw his squadron commander swimming towards what looked like a half-submerged dinghy.

There was no flak. There were no enemy fighters. There was no sudden decision in the heat of battle. There was only the struggling man, who wore contact lenses, in the cold sea, the eight circling Typhoons, and Hornsby, 90, miles away.

Tuff switched on his radio and said:

"I think the C.O.'s hurt and can't get to his dinghy. I'm going to bale out and help him!"

Someone shouted: "Don't be a bloody fool!" Back in the cockpit the controller overheard some of the pilot's conversation and alerted the rescue organisation.

Tuff climbed a few hundred feet and baled out.

The visibility suddenly worsened. Although the Typhoons circled for another 30 minutes, neither pilot was ever seen again.

MY PROBLEM

I HAD served with plenty of Dominion pilots before my posting as Wing Leader at Kenley. But that had been in mixed squadrons, with pilots of several nationalities.

Now I found myself facing the problem of dealing with three squadrons manned exclusively by Canadians.

Canadian units, I knew, had a reputation for toughness in more ways than one. They could also be awkward.

Could I hold them? Would they accept me, an Englishman, as their leader in place of the Canadian wing commander whose job I was taking?

I was "on approval" for about three weeks from the day in March 1943 when I arrived at Kenley. During that time weather was bad and operations were limited.

Then, one fine Saturday afternoon in April, I got my chance. An operation was laid on involving the bombing of Abbeville airfield by a squadron of Typhoons, led by my old friend and colleague Denis Crowley-Milling. It was ordered to take two of my Canadian squadrons over France as the Typhoons came out. Our job was knock down any Messerschmitts or Focke-Wulfs flushed by the bombing.

Things worked out well. With the help of some first-rate radar controlling I got my squadrons into position to "bounce" a big gaggle of Focke-Wulf 190's, I knocked one down myself and the Canadians scored five more kills between them.

FLASHES

NEXT morning Syd Ford, the C.O. of 403 Squadron, walked into my office. He laid a pair of blue Canadian shoulder flashes on my desk and said:

"The boys would like you to wear these. After all, we're a Canadian wing we've got to convert you. Better start this way."

"Thanks, Syd," I replied. "I'll get them sewn on today."

SOME PARTY!

OUR friends and rivals, the Biggin Hill Wing, had landed there for the same purpose. While our Spitfires were being fuelled I chatted with their leader, the indomitable Al Deere. One of New Zealand's toughest experts, Al was indestructible as well as indomitable. In the process of building up a large score during the Battle of Britain he was shot down seven times.

Now he told me of the party to end all parties being planned by Biggin's famous station commander, "Sailor" Maize, to celebrate the station's 1,000th kill. I asked him not to forget us when sending out invitations and reminded him that I had some very thirsty Canadians. Then it was time to go. "See you over Antwerp, Al!"

As it turned out we saw plenty over Antwerp that day.

and sustained attack against the Reich. Often it was our job to reach their withdrawal.

One of our first operations of this nature involved meeting the American force over Antwerp and bringing the bombers home from there. It was an exceptionally deep penetration and so we landed at Manston, a big grass airfield near the North Foreland, to top up our fuel tanks before setting out.

I gave the 190 ahead of me a long burst of cannon fire. Simultaneously I saw puffs of bluish smoke whipping back from his gun ports as he fired, nose-to-nose, at the leading Fortress. I knew that the same kind of thing must be going on just behind me and hoped sincerely that my Canadians were alive to the dangers of our position as this mixed bunch of friends and foes hurried toward the oncoming American bombers.

My personal Focke-Wulf half-rolled on to his back, still firing. I followed suit, so that I was upside down and still sending short bursts after him. I dared not think of the shambles that was going on behind. The Yanks were firing at one and all. A great deal of lead was being sprayed about this particular bit of sky.

HE DIVED

THE 190 in front of me went into a vertical dive and I half-rolled back into normal flying position. My Spitfires were passing through successive boxes of Fortresses at a high rate of knots. I wagged my wings violently to show the unmistakable Spitfire silhouette.

As I had suspected. They did not want a close escort, preferring a fighter screen thrown well ahead and to the flanks.

I was able to report these details to 11 Group and from then on new, mutually efficient tactics were evolved.

One day in August we were part of a fighter force covering the withdrawal of a massive Flying Fortress raid against the Messerschmitt factory. The Americans had taken a hammering and their formations, under constant attack, were spread over a large area of sky as they came out over the Dutch coast.

WATCH HIM

TWO damaged Fortresses broke away from the main stream and flew westwards parallel to the enemy coast. They were avoiding the long sea crossing. But they were sitting ducks for any prowling enemy fighters.

I decided to sweep through the danger area with them. A few minutes after setting course Walter Conrad, one of the flight commanders in my formation, transmitted:

"Greycap, there's one lone aircraft behind. Six o'clock. About the same height and two miles away. Looks like he's trailing us."

"All right, Walter," I replied. "Ease out a bit and keep an eye on him."



"He saw his squadron commander swimming towards a half-submerged dinghy."



OUT OF THE SUN: PART 4 By JOHNNIE JOHNSON

BALE OUT?

BUT the enemy pilot had seen the two Spitfires break away from our main formation, and he half-rolled and dived down towards Dunkirk with Wally and his wingman, Flight-Sergeant Shouldice, streaking after him. We watched the three fighters until they became mere specks and were swallowed up by the early evening haze. Someone called up and said:

"Greycap, two explosions on the ground."

I called up Conrad: "You all right, Walter?" An answer came back over the radio. It was from Shouldice, and he spoke very quietly:

"Greycap from blue two, I've collided with blue leader. I think he's gone in!"

"How's your Spit, Shouldice?" I asked.

"My right aileron has gone and some of the wing-up. She's very hard to control. Over."

I had to give him some advice at once. Either to climb up and bale out over France or to try to get back to England. If he baled out over France, he would probably be taken prisoner in this strongly held coastal belt. But this did not matter: the main thing was to save the pilot. The Spitfire was badly damaged and it was unlikely that it could be flown back to England for a safe landing. I called Shouldice and tried to sound reassuring and cheerful:

"You'd better head into France. Climb to 10,000 feet and bale out. We'll cover you. Over."

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)



Tokyo

for only HK\$1,269.00*



★ Choice of four flights weekly—direct from Hong Kong.

★ Personal service by British and Japanese cabin staff—all the way!

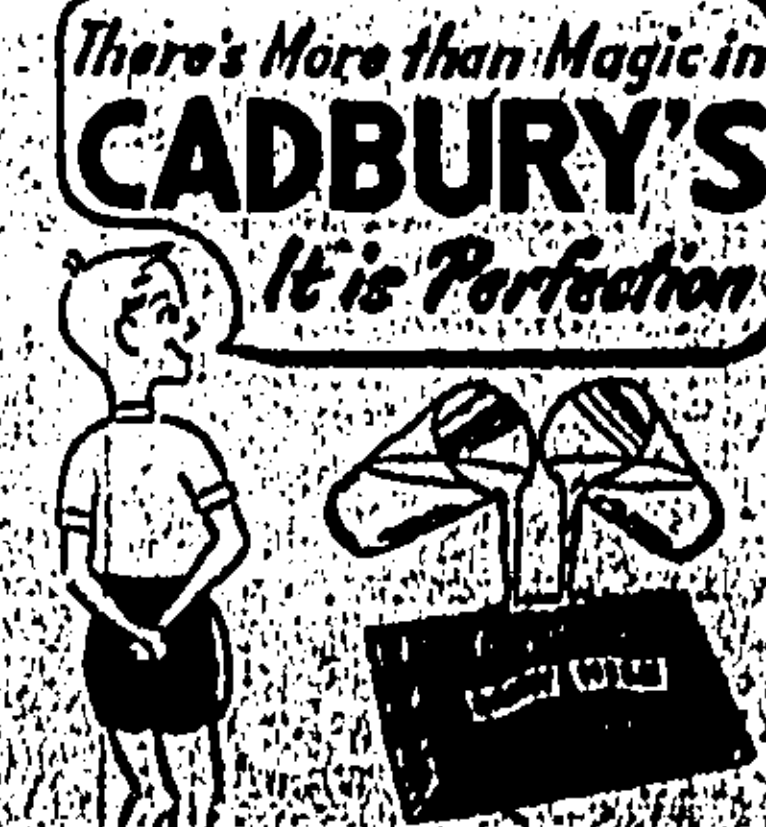
* 30 day Excursion Fare.

Consult your Travel Agent, or Jardine, Matheson & Company Ltd., Telephone 63311 (24 hour service)

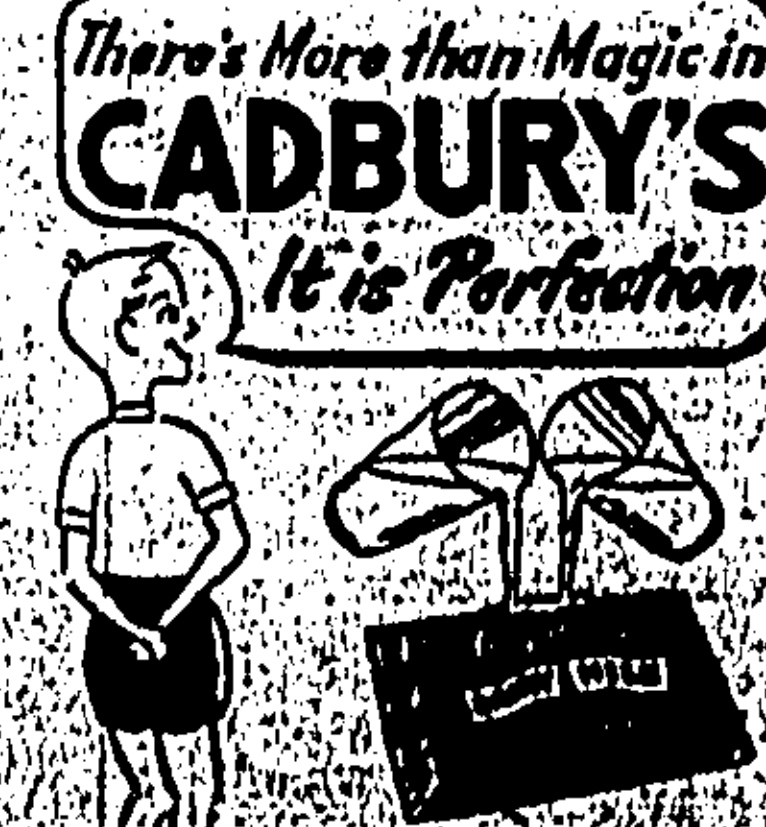


BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





Normandy, 1944: Group Captain B.H. MacBrien greets Winston Churchill on a visit to 127 Wing.



Today—at home. Johnnie Johnson with his wife and sons Christopher and Michael.

'SCREWBALL'—THE LONE WOLF—JOINS THE WING

(Continued from Page 6)

"I can't tell you, for the boss seems to be in a bit of a mood."

"All right then, Shouldice. Step three, zero, zero, for Dover. Climb as high as you can. What's your best climb?"

"Eight thousand feet, sir."

I left the others at our original height, and taking my wingman went in search of the crippled Spitfire. On the way down I called the controller at Kenley and asked him to alert a Walrus air-sea rescue plane and the high-speed launchers.

NO REPLY

WE soon found Shouldice, just off the French coast and heading for Dover. I drew alongside and could see that most of the right aileron and wing-tip had gone. It was a miracle that the plane was still flying. The right wing was well down and the Spitfire was trying to swing to the right and back into France. The pilot was fighting this and was having a hard struggle. I could see he had both hands on the stick. I spoke to him again:—

"We're half-way across now. Only ten miles to Dover."

"This time there was no reply from him, and perhaps the stick force was so heavy that he could not move a hand to the transmitter switch. Then the right wing dropped lower, and I turned steeply inside him when his Spitfire yawed dangerously to the right with the wings vertical. I saw his hands reach to the rubber ball at the top of the hood which controlled the emergency release system. Then the Spitfire fell into an uncontrollable vertical dive.

It only took a second or two to reach the sea. We watched the Spitfire knife cleanly, nose first into the water. Watched the cascading ring of spray fall back and saw the surging waters close in over the Spitfire and his pilot.

I called the controller and gave a fix, but I knew the rescue boys would never find a thing.

GREAT PILOT

BACK at base I sat down in my caravan to write letters to the next of kin of the two pilots. Before I began to write I glanced through the "in" tray and saw that two of my recent recommendations had been approved.

Flight-Sergeant Shouldice had been appointed to a commission and the promotion of Flight-Lieutenant Conrad to Squadron-leader was notified.

[Months later Conrad turned up again. He had parachuted on to a haystack near Dunkirk and got back to England through Spain.]

One day Bill McBrien climbed the few steps into my caravan and said:—

"Got some news for you, Johnnie. How would you like Screwball Beurling in your outfit?"

"I shall have to think about that one, sir," I replied. "He's

a great fighter pilot, but I hear he's very much of a lone wolf."

We all knew Beurling's history. He was a Canadian who had joined the R.A.F. after being turned down by the R.C.A.F., and was eventually posted to our own 403 Squadron. Even in three days he was a remote, brooding lad who showed great individual promise, but whose temperament was not suited to our style of team fighting. So he was sent to Malta and there found fulfilment in his solitary yet brilliant exploits against three Luftwaffe and the Italian Air Force.

In the dangerous sky over the Mediterranean island he brought his score to 29 victories, and on his return to Canada he was greeted as a national hero.

I discussed the problem of Beurling with our two squadron commanders. For my own part I felt that we could not count on this extraordinary pilot, because he had fought so well over Malta. We must give him the chance to prove his worth in the war.

I told the group captain we'd have Beurling and recommended that he go to 403 Squadron, where he had served two years previously as a sergeant-pilot.

I made a point of meeting Beurling within a few minutes of his arrival and took him along to my office for a quiet chat. We talked about his Malta exploits and I tried to explain how the style of our fighting differed here.

OWN WING

"I'm going to make you gun-herrier," I told him. "Try to teach the rest of the chaps how you do it. If you can settle down here you'll be a squadron commander in a few months. And with your record you could easily have a wing of your own within 12 months. What do you think?"

"I guess you fly a lot of sweeps without seeing any Hun?" he inquired.

"I should think we engage about once out of every three or four sweeps," I told him.

"They must be there then," he said more to himself than to me. "Wouldn't you do better to split up into 12 pairs and fly on the deck to look for them. You'd cover a wide area that way."

"No," I answered firmly. "In the first place we must stick together because the Hun operates in packs of up to 50. Secondly, if we flew on the deck we'd lose half of the boys in a week."

"You know anything about this Mustang, Wingco?"

"Not much," I said. "I hear one of the 83 Group wings is going to get them and they have a tremendous radius of action. I hear they can easily fly to Berlin and back."

"Can they now?" exclaimed the Canadian. I could read his thoughts. Give him a long-range Mustang, fill it up with petrol each day and he'd either get himself killed or would finish up with more Hun than the rest of us put together!

"U.S. single-seater, long-range fighter, essentially fitted with single-engine engine."

He changed the subject.

"Hear you've got a scatter gun, Wingco?"

"That's right," I admitted. "There it is, a BSA 12-bore."

"And a bird dog?"

ANGLES....

I THOUGHT that my well-bred Labrador would not be kindly to being called a "bird dog," but I only said: "Her name's Sally."

"Guess I'll borrow them some fine day," announced Beurling. "I must get some hunting."

"Help yourself, George," I invited. "She'll follow you anywhere when she sees the guns."

A day or two later I walked across the airfield after waiting for a shot at the mallard at a little pond. It was a cork.

moonless night, but the stars were very bright. Suddenly Sally growled at a dark shape sitting on a fallen log.

"Hello, George," I said. "But can't you see, isn't it?"

"It's OK," he replied.

"Walk back with me and we'll have a beer," I suggested.

"No, thanks, Wingco. Guess I'll stay out here. I'm figuring out some of the angles between the stars."

Beurling and I flew only once or twice together for soon after his arrival I left the Canadians.

At Dux and I were awarded the D.S.O. on the same day, and I telephoned him at Biggin and suggested that we rendezvous at the "Kimmul Club," in Durling Street, for a small celebration. This convenient and hospitable little place was owned and run by an ex-captain of the Royal Flying Corps,

Bobbie Page, who was, and still is, a staunch friend.

During the war years it was the popular meeting-place of aircrew of all nationalities, and Bobbie's spare bedrooms were usually full. He kept a great pile of blankets in his linen-cupboard at the top of the stairs. If you were lucky you could grab one and bed down for a couple of hours on a sear or the floor.

Later that evening a fair number of the Biggin and Kenley pilots were packed together in the crowded bar.

A GONG OR TWO

A SMILING, handsome young officer stood alone in a corner. He wore a mackintosh so that it was impossible to determine his rank or whether he was a pilot.

He eyed the various activities of the fighter pilots with some amusement and eventually spoke to me:—

"What are you glamour boys celebrating?"

"Well, as a matter of fact the two wings have collected a gong or two," I explained.

"And I suppose you got that D.S.O.?" he inquired, looking at the gleaming new ribbon.

"That's right," I agreed.

"Well, you'd better have a drink with me," said this enigmatic young officer.

"Thanks," I replied. "A bitter."

I moved back to the Canadians and thought nothing more of the encounter. Later on I caught a glimpse of the stranger, who was surrounded by a gay company of bomber crews. The room was so stuffy that he had discarded his mackintosh and I could see he wore the three stripes of a wing commander.

I caught a glimpse of the ribbons of the D.S.O. and D.F.C., with a silver rosette to each, and some dull-coloured ribbon before the D.S.O.

Curious, I eased my way through the press and had a closer look. My suspicions were correct: the ribbon was that of the Victoria Cross. I shouldered the remaining few feet to the bar, grabbed him by the arm and said:—

"And now you'll have a pint with me, Guy Gibson."

(Copyright)

NEXT WEEK
When I Found It Hardest
To Conquer Fear...

Britain Busts Out On Broadway

● It is Britain's Broadway today. Take a 10-minute walk along Broadway from Times Square and the names in neon lights heat at you: Rex Harrison, Margaret Leighton, Michael Redgrave, the Old Vic Company—all of it—Glynis Johns, Eric Portman, Wilfrid Hyde White, Julie Andrews. Nineteen starring Britons in all and the revue "Cranks" still to come.

● It is the biggest boom London show business has ever had in New York and the investment in British names is \$1,000,000. ● The longest British resident on the "Great White Way" in the most successful show is Rex Harrison, star of the "Pygmalion" musical, "My Fair Lady." Here for the first time Rex Harrison tells the story of Britain's Broadway (talking to David Lewin).

THE LATEST.....By REX HARRISON

I T was awfully lonely on Broadway that summer after we opened. There were about four other shows running, and that was all. The other stars were American.

As I came to the theatre every night to play Henry Higgins I watched shows closing because of the summer and the heat and there was hardly anyone in town to come by the dressing-room at night.

When Broadway is empty an actor who is working feels odd and cut off and away from it all.

Then the British invasion started. "The Reluctant Debutante" came first and with it Wilfrid Hyde White.

LITTLE TEARS

WILLIE lost his voice on the morning of the first night and everyone was in a panic anyway because three "American" plays had opened in the same week as "Debutante" and two of them were off already and the other got the bird. But "Debutante" was a hit—and especially Willie. He came round to see me and said: "I am very surprised because what they seem to want here is a situation with a man with an incurable illness and everyone dancing around him singing 'For he's a jolly good fellow'." After that, his two plays and the players started coming

in at a rush. My dressing-room was bulging with London town. Noel Coward and Terence Rattigan came in the same night as Frank Sinatra sat with Spike Tracy.

Tracy patting Sinatra on the back after the show and said: "My little friend cried at the end—little tears."

There are oddly assorted groups too. Harry Truman and Helen Hayes, Teddy Wilson, the coloured jazz pianist, and Ethel Merman. There would be John Mills standing in the wings and Maggie Leighton sitting in the stalls.

BIG RISKS

WE had to fix a code system of bells from the stage door to the dressing-room to alert the visitors—the ones we knew from the ones we did not.

One night the system went wrong. After they had been kept waiting for half an hour the British rang through and said: "There are two people calling themselves the Lunts. Should I let 'em in?" They were Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, the leaders of the U.S. stage.

A community feeling has grown up here among the British. We see more of one another here than we do in London. It is 20 years since Terence Rattigan and I worked together for "French Without Tears". During the last three weeks I have seen more of Terry in New York than in all those 20 years.

We pool our experiences of success here too. Margaret Mow,

Leighton says the big difference between Broadway and the West End is a question of hours.

In London it is still rather "off" for an actor to be seen around after midnight when everyone else is in bed.

In New York, she says you are just one of the crowd at two in the morning and no one gives you a second glance.

All of us are conscious of one added responsibility, the responsibility of keeping a show going. Stars are made to feel more important in New York than in London.

They are made to feel they carry the show and the risk of financial failure here is so tremendous that an actor feels he must make sure the show is a hit. If it is not, the responsibility is on his shoulders.

There is a great scramble and fight for success in New York. The battle is keen and waged by every means.

NEW ACHES

WHEN it became clear that "My Fair Lady" was a hit, I was approached to sell this hit free seats a performance. I am allowed. The price I was offered was \$33 a pair—yes, pounds—£10 10s a seat. I refused—but that could never have happened in London.

When there is a success here there is no bitterness from anyone else. Success is held high and the belief is that one man's success helps everyone else.

I have had problems which other actors have helped to solve. When I started singing for the first time in "My Fair Lady" I was more nervous than ever before in my career. Danny Kaye watched the show half a dozen times.

Finally he came round and said to me: "You are so relaxed when you speak the ordinary dialogue. But then two minutes before each song you stiffen up so much you become tense and rigid on the stage. You are signalling each number in advance."

I watched myself and found it was true. It also explained why I was getting so much muscle ache in the show that I needed constant massage.

You see, when an actor forgets his lines in a straight play he can cover up by ad lib-ing words. But when an actor who is not a singer forgets the lyrics he is singing, there is nothing he can do.

IN SUSPENSE

THERE are 31 chaps in the orchestra pit pounding away and he is in an agony of suspense.

I was like that at the beginning.

Now the 19 Britons on Broadway are settling down. Today, Wilfrid Hyde White received his winter overcoat with an astrakhan collar from London. Postage was £6 10s. and Customs duty was £12.

Willie's coat is famous in London and he feels he will need it here because the play will run.

But he is protesting about that duty. All of us are thinking of the time when we shall return to London. We are none of us wearing any different hats in New York—size in hats either.

We are not going American. We are proud to represent London on Broadway—at a time when there are 19 British stars named and only eight American stars named in New York shows.

(Copyright)

THIS is the Gin



Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Sole Distributor: DORWELL & COMPANY LIMITED.



Also
FREIGHT
Receives
ROYAL TREATMENT
from
KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES



For all
information
contact your
Freight Agent or Philippine
Air Lines Inc., General
Sales Agents for K.L.M.
Royal Dutch Airlines
in Hong Kong.

CONSIDERABLE
REBATES AT A
BREAKPOINT OF
99 LBS.
SPECIAL COMMODITY RATES

This amazing man was in the Secret Service

FROM Eton to the Communist Party, by way of Cambridge and Socialism... out of the Communist Party... a seeming Nazi sympathiser... an intimate of the Rothschilds...

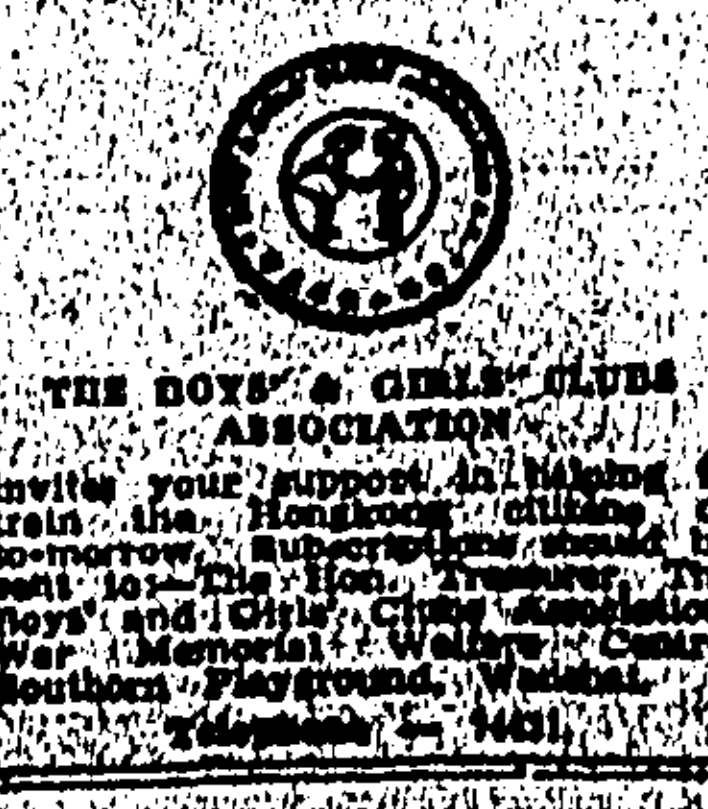
A many-sided character, this Burgess, and an amazing man.

You have been reading about him in the SUNDAY POST-HERALD—his story is THE BURGESS STORY, by Tom Driberg, and it is one of the most extraordinary documents of our times.

Next Sunday comes one of the most startling in a long series of revelations—Guy Burgess, whose decision to leave his Foreign Office post in London and work for the Communist cause in Moscow was the sensation of the post-war years, was in the Secret Service!

For whom he worked and why is revealed in the next instalment of THE BURGESS STORY.

Make sure of your POST-HERALD on Sunday



THE REAL OIL CRISIS IS TO COME

By JON KIMCHE

THE oil shortage which has immediately ahead for Britain and the whole of Western Europe is serious but has measurable dimensions. These can be met, in part by rationing and by drawing on alternative sources of supply.

The tankers can go round the Cape, Venezuela can step up production, petrol consumption can be temporarily curbed.

But all that is not the real problem. That comes later. For a much more serious oil crisis is building up for the whole of Western Europe, including Britain.

Consumption of oil is increasing as never before. The Ministry of Fuel and Power exports have calculated that Britain's consumption, 22 million tons in 1955, will have reached 40 million tons by 1960, and 60 million by 1970.

UNREALISTIC

But the switch from coal to oil burning at an ever increasing rate. Not only in Britain, but through out Europe. Consumption of oil is growing by 15 percent each year.

Over the next years will be critical. 1960. Then the United States domestic supply will have been completely exhausted by domestic use. Already the giant American oil companies are preparing for that moment.

In 1960, on their more prudent estimates, the United States will have to be in a position to export oil to the Middle East to compensate for their domestic supply. On the complete world minor scale as at present but on levels parallel to the huge supplies now moving from the Middle East to Western Europe.

All current arguments about bypassing the Middle East and its troubled oil, or of finding alternative sources, is held to be unrealistic in this context.

In another five years, therefore, we shall be even more dependent on the Middle East, on the pipelines and on the Suez Canal, than we are at present. And the U.S. will hardly be in the same boat, although the Canal will not be so important to her.

CLOSE SECOND

It is in this context that oil experts in the Middle East are watching the Russians. They do not believe that the Russians are aiming at direct military intervention. It would probably not serve them and involve them in grave risks.

Instead, the Russians, it seems, are stepping up their political disruptive activities, taking the form of these oil communications. Their principal centre of activity at the moment is Syria, with Egypt a close second.

One question that arises is this: are American companies even as expertly handled as the Russians, a matter for such opposition?

There is no doubt that the American companies are about to embark on a massive programme to exploit the Middle East. Thousands of millions of pounds are being invested.

But there is a big question mark over the success of this programme.

INDISPENSABLE

It is a fact that oil is becoming indispensable to the Middle East. But it is a fact also that the Middle East is becoming indispensable to the world.

The fact is that the Middle East is becoming indispensable to the world. The fact is that the Middle East is becoming indispensable to the world.

Progress Report on a Subject Which Touched Off Immense Public Interest

WIVES—STOP YOUR HUSBANDS EATING THEIR HEARTS OUT!

By Chapman Pincher

THE startling possibility that wives can help their husbands to escape the heart attacks now worrying so many men has become a near-certainty in my opinion since I first reported it a year ago.

Evidence has mounted so convincingly and human interest has been so sustained that I have carried out a further full

inquiry into the theme that it is up to the wives to stop their husbands "eating their hearts out."

Three medical advances of immediate importance to every man past 30—ad to every wife and mother—arise from this inquiry.

ADVANCE 1

It now seems amply confirmed that eating too much fat is partly—and probably mainly—to blame for the rapid increase in heart attacks.

Many of the most cautious authorities are now convinced that the minute fat droplets clouding the bloodstream after an excessively fatty meal can damage the coronary arteries which fuel the heart itself.

The droplets may irritate the blood into producing small clots. If these form inside the

coronary arteries or are carried there, they may be absorbed by the lining forming an incrustation inside the vessels.

This "furring up" narrows the bore of the arteries and can eventually restrict the flow of blood to the heart muscle so much that a heart attack—a "coronary thrombosis"—ensues.

Doctors now believe they can identify the type of fatty foods which are specially damaging to the heart in this way.

Professor Noel Maclean of Westminster Hospital fed diets MILK, CREAM, and BUTTER because they are rich in P.E., a chemical which seems to be mainly responsible for producing the blood-clots.

Dr John O'Brien, a blood-specialist, indicts EGGS on this score.

Vegetable fats such as olive oil emerge as safe but MARGARINE is indicted because the vegetable oils from which it is made are chemically treated in a way that is believed to make them dangerous.

Evidence: A team led by Professor John Brock fed different kinds of fats and oils to eight volunteers and examined their blood. Animal fat like dripping, lard, and butter produced clouds of fat droplets in the blood. Vegetable fats, except when chemically treated, did not.

After 10 years' work with patients who have already suffered heart attacks, Dr Lester Morrison, a leading heart specialist of Los Angeles, claims that low-fat diets definitely lengthen life.

ADVANCE 2

THE reason why some people can eat large quantities of fat without suffering heart damage can now be explained. They are naturally endowed with a plentiful supply of a protective agent which clears the fat droplets out of the blood-stream before they can injure the arteries.

It is men who are deficient in this "clearing factor" who seem to be susceptible to coronary thrombosis. Some are probably born with this deficiency, which would explain why heart trouble sometimes runs in families. Others acquire it.

Scientists, including men of the stature of Sir Howard Florey, the penicillin pioneer, are trying to find out exactly what this clearing factor is.

It may eventually prove possible to supply it in drug form to make up a deficiency, just as insulin is given to diabetics.

ADVANCE 3

MEANWHILE another way of reducing the damage which fat may do has emerged from British and U.S. experiments.

It now seems certain that regular exercise protects the heart arteries by preventing the flood of fat droplets into the blood after meals.

Evidence: Dr Ancel Keys, a U.S. nutrition expert, examined the blood of men before and after they had eaten a fatty breakfast.

He found that when the men were inactive after the meal the amount of dangerous fatty material in the blood rose. But it did not do so if the men carried out moderate exercise—walking or gardening.

* Ethanolamine phosphatide.

This finding offers an explanation for the lower incidence of heart attacks among country people, who may eat more fat than town dwellers but work them off with more physical effort.

It also lies up with the work of Medical Research Council scientist Dr Jeremy Morris, who reports that men whose jobs involve physical activity are far less susceptible to coronary thrombosis than those who sit most of the time.

FOR ME

DO these new developments provide a recipe for longer life? Or to put the question on a personal plane, what am I, as a man approaching the dangerous middle-age period, going to do about it?

Here are my help-the-heart resolutions, which I am already putting into effect with my wife's encouragement.

These certainly can do me no possible harm.

1. Cut down on the intake of fats generally. This does not mean avoiding all cream, butter, margarine, and lard. It simply means restricting the number of fried dishes to one a day, eating leaner meat, drinking black coffee, and spreading the butter more thinly.
2. Never eat more than one egg a day.
3. Use vegetable fats like olive oil instead of dripping and lard for frying.
4. Increase my physical activity by walking instead of taking buses, climbing stairs instead of using the lift, and doing more gardening.
5. Keep my weight down—which should be easy if I carry out the first four resolutions.

SMOKING?

THE records of the insurance companies prove that slimming lengthens life-span. Its effect has recently been put into firm focus by research on 155 fat women carried out by Dr Anthony Fletcher. As the women lost weight their blood-pressure fell sharply.

What about liquor? The evidence shows that alcohol in moderation helps the heart by relaxing the coronary arteries, but if I were a smoker I should stop because tobacco constricts them.

Is this regime worthwhile considering that the fat-cause-coronaries theory is not completely proved? With the most promising part of life still to come and two children to enjoy, I believe it is.

I cannot rid my mind of the fact that out of every 12 men of my generation, at least three are destined to suffer prematurely from a sudden heart attack unless something is done about it.

4 FOOTNOTE: This advice does NOT apply to people who have already suffered a heart attack. They should diet and exercise only on their doctors' instructions.

(COPYRIGHT)

EVE PERRICK Back In Monte Carlo To Report The Return Of The Rainiers — With Sidelights On The World Of Protocol And The Okey-Doke

SOMETHING NEW'S BEEN ADDED —AND IT'S MR ART JACOBS

Monte Carlo. This is almost where I came in—but not quite. Seven months after the famous Frolic widely known as That Wedding, I am back in the Principality of Monaco on another ceremonial occasion.

This one is a double event—the homecoming of their American trip of their Serene Highnesses, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace Patricia, coupled with the celebration of Monaco's national fête.

But something new has been added. Which could be the addition of the Arthur P. Jacobs Company Inc. to the principality's payroll.

This organisation, presiding genius and founder Mr Art Jacobs himself) is a Beverly Hills based and styled firm of public relations consultants which is the more dignified way of saying Press agents.

By any name, the A.P.J.C. handles the publicity of a number of distinguished clients, including Marilyn Monroe (their only other European residents at the moment), Gregory Peck, Esther Yul Brynner, Rosalind Russell, and several important film projects like "The Sleeping Prince" (at least Mrs Miller's side of it) and the Dietrich-De Sica picture "The Monte Carlo Story".

So, not altogether surprisingly, this new chapter in the real life Monte Carlo story opens with a royal Press conference.

KING COLE

SUCH a courtesy, I assure you, was never afforded during those frenzied and pre-Ad Jacobs days last April.

And this one—held on board the Constitution as it arrived in Cannes, went off very well indeed. It seems somehow that the innuendo of "Sleeping Prince" propaganda oult on the sovereign Prince of Monaco was to awaken him to a sense of public relations he had not shown before.

Rainier was as merry as King Cole. His princess, wearing a "wedded matrimony" suit bought in Philadelphia, a blond beaver coat from New York, and a cherry melusine hat from a little shop round the corner from the Casino in Monte Carlo, and the soft smug look of any woman expecting her first child, was both relaxed and responsive. We learned a lot.

From the prince—that the most memorable moment of the trip was their meeting with President Eisenhower, and that among his souvenirs of the voyage he was carrying a large bump (location unspecified) sustained during the rough seas of the previous night.

He mentioned also that amateur astrologists kept on sending him horoscopes, some of which predicted that he would be the father of a boy, others that their first-born would be a girl.

He added that he didn't care which, but that twins had definitely been ruled out.

GAY NOTE

PRINCESS Grace, the pride of the Kellys, told us that she thought it would perhaps be nicer to have a boy to start with, that she was knitting baby garments in the neutral colour of grey, and that she had discussed so many possible names for the child the result was utter confusion.

Then came the 64,000 francs question: "Now that you have held two or three of these Press conferences," said someone to the prince, "what is the silliest question you have been asked?"

Prince Rainier did not have to hesitate for a moment. "In America," he said, "I was asked if I found married life different from bachelor life. I did not reply. I think I was speechless for the moment, but the princess said that she hoped I did."

"I should think so too," said his wife, and they both laughed. On which gay note the conference ended. To the general verdict that the royal house of Monaco had acquitted itself as well as any film star, Miss Monroe naturally included in the same circumstances.

BUT WHY?

PRESS conferences are one thing. National fêtes are quite another, as the Arthur Jacobs Company, who have to make good on this particular state occasion before they get a long-term contract from the principality itself, soon found. What they couldn't find at first was the reason for the national holiday.

Was November 10 the official day of rejoicing, the prince's birthday, or the anniversary of his coronation, or did it commemorate some important victory? None of the Monégasques knew.

I took over the inquiries and arranged a rendezvous with M. Emile Cornet, the prince's recently and personally appointed Press attache.

M. Cornet received me in his office at the top of the white palace, after I had climbed the 72 marble steps leading thereto.

He turned out to be a peach of a Press agent, a diplomat with a dead-end difference—he signified his assent with the matry phrase "key dokey."

The ex-champion racing car driver of Belgium (his native land), one-time Frans officer, General Motors, and old-time buddy of Rainier was the one man who knew all the answers.

THREE DAYS

NOVEMBER 19 was Prince Rainier's saint day and was normally a one-night stand. This year, though, it was a three-day junket.

"Before we used to have the cocktail" for the Diplomatic Corps, but for the boys only. This time their wives came to the party too."

He handed me a typed programme of public-participating events. It listed such organised and traditional merry-making as dancing in the streets (under canvas though—this is the rainy season), children's games, an exhibition of road accident prevention, a pageant outside the palace; an official opening of a cinema (Gerard Philips in "The Merry Pranks" of Till the Practical Joker" is the film here); a football match; a gala performance of a new ballet; fireworks; and an archery exhibition.

The list appeared to have been issued by the Arthur Jacobs Company. However, insisted that the whole thing had been thought up between the prince and the mayor, except for the archery display which was the pet project of the colonel of the guard.

(COPYRIGHT)



MARTELL
CORDON BLEU
also THREE STAR VSOP and EXTRA

Obtainable Everywhere
Sole Agents—DODWELL & CO., LTD.

JOHNNY HAZARD

AS JOHNNY APPROACHES THE AIRPORT, A PLANE ABOUT TO LAND IS CARRYING TWO MEN FATED TO PRODUCE A SHATTERING EFFECT ON HIS LIFE!



ONE, A DELEGATE OF A SMALL COUNTRY COMING TO PLACE A PORTFOLIO OF POTENTIAL DYNAMITE ON THE DOORSTEP OF THIS U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL!



AND SECOND, A RUTHLESS MAN DETERMINED TO PLANT HIM FROM PRESENTING HIS CASE AT ALL COSTS!



...this situation calls for a
San Miguel



REPAIRS AT MOUNT SINAI

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

AS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER BEGINS ANOTHER TERM OF OFFICE, THE FEELING GROWS THAT HIS SECRETARY OF STATE, JOHN FOSTER DULLES, WILL RETIRE AFTER A DISCREET INTERVAL ON THE GROUNDS OF HEALTH AND ADVANCING YEARS. HIGH ON THE LIST OF LIKELY SUCCESSORS IS THOMAS EDMUND DEWEY, FORMER GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK AND A TWICE UNLUCKY PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

A GANG BUSTER MAY GO TO WASHINGTON

By Yorke Henderson

THOMAS EDMUND DEWEY is neither younger nor older looking than most other 54-year-old Americans of his type and background. He has the same sort of wrinkles on his round, cheerful face, the same incipient double-chin. And the heavy moustache, blessed by America's caricaturists, takes no years off his apparent age.

Yet to millions of Americans he is still "Young Tom Dewey," the bright young lawyer from Owosso, Michigan. Which in some measure probably counts for the fact that Tom Dewey is not occupying the White House. For there came a point where the American people, for all their "local boy who made good" bias, came to realize that respect for other statesmen.

AS A VICTIM

IN a way then, Tom Dewey, politically speaking, is a victim of his own youthful dynamism of his early professional success. The chances are that had he worked away unobtrusively at being a lawyer (and, by all accounts, he is well above average as such) he might have stepped into the political arena as a mature figure and a more suitable candidate for the Presidency.

As it was, public success was thrust upon him at a comparatively early age. In the best traditions of success stories, he was born of humble parents in the backwater of Owosso on March 24, 1902. His father ran a small printing and publishing business in the town, and the Deweys lived over their business premises.

Here the story deviates slightly from the accepted formula. Young Tom had to overcome no parental opposition in choosing a career.

In the town of Owosso, Tom Dewey was regarded by the local folk as something of a musical prodigy. His crystal treble was a joy to churchgoers, and his family apparently saw no reason to stand in the way of his ambitions to be a professional singer. So, as the ego of flappers and hip-flasks dawned, young Tom Dewey set off for the big city—Chicago, in this case—to seek his fortune.

OPPORTUNITY

IT was while he was studying that he met a girl called Frances Hutt, a tolerably successful singer-actress who had once understudied the leading lady in George White's "Scanzels." Eventually they married, by which time Tom Dewey, who had been squeezing out some sort of a living as a church organist, had abandoned the idea of music as a career and taken to the law.

Apart from being more remunerative, his new profession seemed more in keeping with his neat, meticulous appearance. It was clearly more in keeping, too, with his abilities. For five years after being called to the New York Bar he was appointed Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of



"Young Tom Dewey"

New York. He was "in." He was on the way up. Tom Dewey did not waste the opportunity. And four years later, in 1935, came the plum job, the post that was to make him a national name. Curiously, although Dewey was by this time an avowed Republican and had been a spare-time canvasser for the Republican cause, it was a Democratic Governor of New York who handed him the plum job—Special Prosecutor, investigation of Organized Crime, New York.

In New York at this time, the racketeers, the mobsters and the hoodlums still wielded enough power to make the job of No. 1 Gang Buster the sort of thing which gives insurance companies nightmares.

Political opponents of Dewey have since claimed that the methods he used to smash the gang structure in New York were open to question. But whatever the means, Dewey justified them by his success as a racket buster. He went for the top gangsters on the principle that if the head is cut off the body must perish.

BOY WONDER

PROMINENT victims of the Dewey anti-vice drive were Jack "Logs" Diamond, "Lucy" Luciano and "Waxey" Gordon.

To grateful New Yorkers, Tom Dewey became something of a boy wonder. And when he prosecuted a former New York Stock Exchange president, thereby demonstrating that even Wall Street's massive influence held no terrors for "Young Tom," he did his burgeoning political career absolutely no harm whatsoever.

The post of District Attorney for New York County led, in 1942, to the Governorship of New York. Maybe it was because he was one of the very few Governors of New York in recent times who was not a millionaire that Tom Dewey was hypersensitive about the dignity of his office. He would never, for instance, permit himself to be photographed in his shirt-sleeves, although Americans admire the man who "takes his coat off" to do his job. When he did permit pictures of himself in office, the cameras did not record the fact that he was sitting on a couple of telephone directories to compensate for his unimpeachable lack of inches.

And back in Owosso, the people were amazed. Well,

who'd have thought it! Young Tom Dewey, Governor of New York. Why, he'll be in the White House before you know. A lot of admiring New Yorkers, whose votes kept him in the Governor's chair for twelve years, thought the same way.

Tom Dewey must have thought so, too. For twice he was a Presidential candidate. And twice he failed to make the grade.

Why? Well, there was the obstacle of the "Young Tom Dewey" label. But there have been young Presidents of the United States. Why not Dewey? Maybe the answer can be found in a remark attributed to testy Colonel McCormick, of the Chicago Tribune, who snorted: "I won't have anything to do with that fellow Tom Dewey. He is no American—he is a New Yorker."

Outside of New York, Dewey never seemed able to inspire personal affection. He lacked the obvious warmth and humanity that Americans look for in their leaders. Maybe he was born a small town boy, but to too many voters he was a slick big city lawyer, a coldly

efficient perfectionist with no seeming little human traits. And their suspicions were seemingly confirmed when, in 1954, he quit politics and became senior partner in one of America's biggest law firms. But that very obstacle of impersonal efficiency, plus his capacity for hard work, are the very characteristics which mark him as a probable successor to John Foster Dulles. There is little doubt he would make a good job of it.

SHREWD

WOULD he answer if called? When he abandoned politics, close friends of the Deweys said his decision was "irrevocable." Yet the chances are that he would respond. For Thomas Edmund Dewey would seem to have an eye on posterity. When called from the Governorship of New York he presented to the University of Rochester, New York, great stacks of official and personal documents covering his career as gang buster and Governor. And Tom Dewey is shrewd enough to know that history is much more likely to remember him as the Secretary of State of the world's most powerful nation than as the Governor of New York.

(COPYRIGHT)

Cairo's Night Spots Shut By Black-Out

By LESTER CAHILL

HASSAN, a raucous, voiced Cairo street vendor with a white turban and flowing black robe, is blinking in the bright sunlight for the first time in many years as he hawks his bread rings from a wicker basket.

So are hundreds of fezzed Egyptian males—the traditional habitués of the Cairo coffee houses.

For "Eden's War," as it is known here, has snuffed out the lights—and turned life upside down in Cairo—the biggest city in Africa.

Instead of coming alive when the sun sinks behind the Western Desert, Cairo's 3,000,000 inhabitants head for home.

Some cinemas stay open for those who want to venture out after dark. But the plushiest night spot, Auberges des Pyramides, and all the big clubs and coffee houses are locked up at sundown.

After dark the Egyptian capital is a city of spooky shadows. A few cars, with darkened headlights, move slowly through the streets past the dim silhouettes of armed militia and police who guard intersections, public squares, and important buildings. Only the very brave—or the very foolish—venture out at night.

stumble at night through the blacked-out streets of Cairo. At any other time, it would have been a boon for Egyptian women—some of whom haven't seen their cafe-loving husbands around the house before midnight since their wedding day. But the crisis has thrown whole families into Egypt's "total war" against the "invaders."

Fathers are part-time policemen while their sons are in the volunteer army. Mothers and daughters, help at Red Cross centres. Strict government price ceilings have kept normal the prices of essentials such as meats, vegetable, and fruits. Shops are still well stocked, and there are no queues.

Some luxury items, such as American coffee, canned goods, and cosmetics, have soared in price—some as much as 50 percent.

But the saddest-faced men in Cairo are the towering dragomen (guides) who dominate the hangers-on around such tourist hotels as the Semiramis on the banks of the Nile. The city has been virtually isolated from the world.

The hundreds of people in Cairo who depend on the incoming tourist trade are now unemployed. The familiar donkeys have disappeared and no camels are hitched, waiting for riders at the tree-shaded Abou Haseeb at the foot of the pyramids. And the Sphinx, once the centre of so much money-making activity, is silent.

THEY STRESS A SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

RHONA CHURCHILL

goes to the top for advice on preparing boys for life in the Armed Forces of the future.

INCREDIBLE atomic and rocket developments, now being devised and tested, are going to make a world of difference to the kind of life my son—and yours—will lead should they decide to join one of the Services.

A fabulous future is being opened up for them at this moment on the planners' desks. Most of it is top secret information, but much can be told, and the Service chiefs do know the kind of boys they want for their new atomic age Navy, Army, and Air Force.

So I went to Whitehall and asked to see the highest ranking officers. I wanted to ask the men at the top, in a position to know: "What kind of life and what opportunities await my son in your branch of the Armed Forces? How can he best prepare himself to make full use of those opportunities?"

The Navy has been in the doldrums ever since that bomb fell on Hiroshima. Men hesitated to put their sons into it, fearing it had no future.

The ships

THAT period is just ending. The Royal Navy has assessed its role in the atomic future war and is now carefully planning its new-age ships and personnel.

It very kindly laid on three admirals to give me details.

Admiral Sir Charles Lambe, Second Sea Lord,

MY SON AND I What the Services Have To Offer

helicopter-carrier, and, possibly, an aircraft-carrier from which planes take off vertically.

"He may spend longer at sea because there'll be no need to return to port to refuel."

"His submarine will be able to stay submerged for very long periods. I'll probably carry sunray lamps to compensate him for lack of sunlight."

My next salvo hit all three admirals. "What kind of lad will you want him to be?"

"He should have a mechanical turn of mind and a fair for adventure," said all three. "Let him specialise in science at school rather than arts."

"We're going to want a far higher standard of technical education."

"In existing ships there is a strict dividing line between the technicians who maintain the guns and machinery, and the seamen who run the ship. The new and very striking advances now being made in the use of atomic energy and

electronics will mean a ship must carry more jacks-of-all-trades than in the past.

"If you spend the next few years developing his spirit of adventure and interest in machines, you can do a lot to turn him into the kind of lad we'll be needing."

The planes

At the Air Ministry I put the same two questions to Air Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, Deputy Chief of Air Staff. His job is to assess the future in the air, to order today the planes for the RAF of tomorrow.

"An incredible revolution in aviation is taking place at this very moment," he told me. "Before your son is 30 he'll be able to pop across the Atlantic in a matter of two and a half hours."

"If his work takes him abroad he'll think nothing of flying at a height of ten miles and at two or three times the speed of sound. He'll reach New York two and a half hours by the clock earlier than he left London."

"Before your son is 33 the world's giant airliners will be taking off and landing vertically. Long airport runways and broad wingspans will become obsolete."

Then we talked of the almanac of the future.

Sir Thomas's son is 12 and wants to become an RAF pilot. "I shan't influence him one way or the other," Sir Thomas told me. "I think it's tremendously important that a man should do the job he enjoys doing. The RAF is going to want pilots for as long as we can see ahead, and your boy would be flying very exciting planes. If he goes in for aircraft engineering he may well help with the blueprints for the first space ships and the first rocket to land on the moon."

Army's needs

THE Army could offer my son nothing so spectacular as that. But General Sir Dudley Ward did tell me: "We'll need even higher qualities of leadership in our future subalterns and other junior leaders, since in an atomic war we'd be forced into greater dispersal."

"You can encourage this character in your son through the Boy Scouts and other youth movements, particularly the Outward Bound character-training schools."

Service chiefs and industrialists had all praised the Outward Bound schools as an experience no youth should miss. So I called at their London headquarters to find how they could help my son.

I was two years too early, but the help is certainly there every year for 3,000 lads from 15½ to 19½ willing to make use of it.

There are now four Outward Bound schools in Britain, all operating on principles developed by Kurt Hahn, founder of Gordonstoun, the Duke of Edinburgh's old school.

They run 26-day mountaineering and sailing courses specially designed to turn boys into men of courage, initiative, and spirit.

"Broadly speaking, we uproot these lads from their homes, set them among strangers, doing new things testing their worth on really difficult mountaineering and sailing expeditions, stimulating their mental powers through debates and discussions."

"The effect on the boys, even of one short course, is quite astonishing. They return home terrified, fortified and feeling they can tackle the most difficult jobs."

In demand

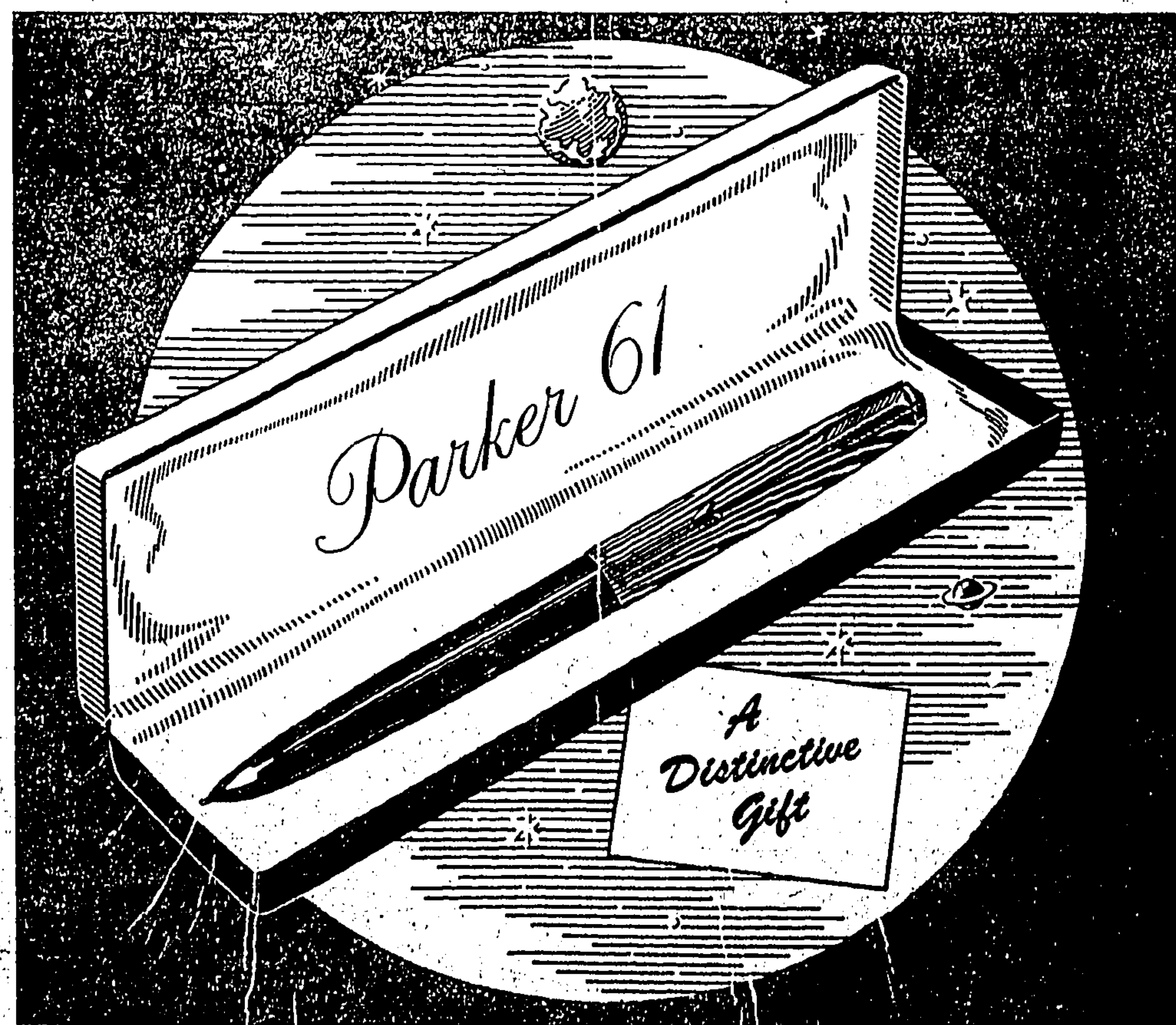
PROOF that this claim is true lies in the fact that many large industrial concerns (United Steel and ICI are but two) now send their apprentices to these courses and pay their expenses. The Army is contemplating sending boys from its boys' battalions, and the Navy has founded its own Outward Bound Organisation.

The cost of next year's courses will be 30 guineas, and the address should you and your son be interested is The Outward Bound Trust, 123, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

(COPYRIGHT)

NEXT SATURDAY:

Are The Universities In Tune With The Age?



Parker 61

The only fountain pen that fills itself by itself

... it has no moving parts!

Elegance of design and great simplicity in operation make the Parker 61 a wonderful gift idea. This completely new fountain pen fills itself by itself in just 10 seconds using capillary attraction alone! Further, the unique filling unit sheds liquids from its surface so that it cleans itself by itself. A beautiful Parker 61 pen is truly the ideal gift for those who appreciate the very best.

For optimum writing performance, use Parker Quink in your Parker 61 pen.

Sole Agents: SHIRO (CHINA) LIMITED, 2nd Floor, 231, Alexander Road, Tel. 2211, Singapore.

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"I am sorry to say, Abdul, there's more talk of Cadillac rustoning."

Nancy Spain

ON THE NEW BOOKS

WHAT a brave new world it would be if all the inhabitants were proper ladies and gentlemen....

Such a world does exist, but only in the lush romance of the old (21 this year) novel "The Brother of Daphne" by Major "Bill" Mercer, known to us as Dorford Yates. Like Liberator, you either love him or you don't....

I have been a Dorford Yates fan ever since, at the age of 16, I was caught reading his first novel "The Brother of Daphne" under the table in a botany class.

This novel and 31 others are still in print. They have made him enough money to keep him in comfort in Urmah, Southern Rhodesia, with his second wife. His 33rd book "WIFE APPARENT" (Ward, Lock, 15s.) is out.

It is right up to standard.

THE COOK She's a comic

"Wife Apparent" is all about a preposterously gentlemanly gentleman called Coridon Gore. He is a famous author, known to his comic housekeeper Florence as "The Major".

Florence is ever such a character, and she is a proper caution when she is flicking off other comic lower-class characters.

But she is also ever so loving (in a thoroughly respectful way, of course) of those she waits upon. She is also a jolly good cook and her cold sweet-breads are perfection. They all live in Hampshire, as indeed do most Dorford Yates characters.

The Major has a sister called Cleopatra, who is very beautiful, and an elm tree at the bottom of the garden. He talks to the elm a lot.

Well, one day the Major is chatting with the elm, when a lovely young lady comes in through the gate with the careless elegance of a cat.

"Her look denies the gaiety of her curls. A pale blue linen dress becomes her mightily."

The Major thinks she is a "Grave Bacchante." Her real name is Niole Coke and she works for a brain specialist called Berrick.

Berrick comes in handy later on. For when wooing follows, in the good old Dorford Yates tradition, the Major promptly loses his memory. (Old war wounds, y'know.) The same day the old elm tree is blown down.

The Major is rescued by the ex-valet of the Marquis of Eyre, who nimbly discovers the Major's identity by the tabs in his Savile Row suit.

HIS BRAIN No worries

Soon everyone is conspiring to save his reason. ("Remember, a great man's brain is at stake.")

So they clear away the elm, and Niole doesn't worry him with a wedding ceremony. She

Latest on the literary Liberate

just goes and lives with him instead. And so "a well-bred, clean-living pair were behaving as well-bred, clean-living people do not behave."

Not that this goes for long, of course. They have to tell the Major and the Major has to get his memory back; and they do get married, and everything has a good job over the missing elm tree. And Florence, of course, serves one of her inimitable breakfasts, lunches or dinners. "Chicken Chaud Froit."

Myself, I think they should have had red hot tripe à la mode de Dorford Yates. But I hope I've made it clear that tripe is my favourite dish....

Chicken chaud froit is a sort of chicken in aspic.

PICTURES Near poetry

WILLIAM SANSOM'S new lively, poetical, gay novel "THE LOVING EYE" (Hogarth Press, 13s. 6d.) is much more like real life.

Matthew Ligne is looking out of his window at the house opposite when he falls in love with a beautiful girl called Lily. Lily lives with her blowsy sister Dawn.

Dawn has embroidered Lutterlites on her stockings. Dawn says "Wolcher" to the chaps in the saloon bar. Nevertheless her sister Lily is a nice quiet girl.

Strangely enough, once Lily gets to know him, she also loves Matthew. And so they get married. Which is a big pity, because Dawn is much more fun than Lily.

But the point of this story is not the emotion: true and subtle though it is, dear Matthew has to outwit dear Dawn and her attempt to corrupt her sister. It is the marvellous picture that Sansom gives (some of it is near poetry) of little houses, back gardens, cats, smells, clubs, pubs in London.

And there is a description of two women fighting. (Dawn takes on a big rival) that is as funny and touching as anything I've read this year.

TRAVEL

A big spate

AND then, as usual, there is a big spate of good travel books. MARRA MOJA. From Northernmost Scandinavia to the Cape of Good Hope, by Lars Henrik Ottoson (Cape, 21s.), and A FOOL IN THE DESERT, by Barbara Toy (John Murray, 18s.) all cover the same ground, more or less, but tell the adventures of a Volkswagen Micro Bus, and a Land-Rover. Honours even. They both break down.

Ottoson is particularly good on "Legionnaires' feet," "African drum beating," and French Customs house behaviour. Nobody can beat Barbara Toy on food, harem, and the actual desert atmosphere. "There is a touch of eternity in the great quiet."

Incidentally she left London 48 hours ago for Australia, via Budapest and India.

NOTES

A story, too

YET, strangely enough, some well known novelists are nowadays turning out travel books under the impression they are writing novels. (Rose Macaulay pointed this out in her exquisitely funny take-off of all travel books TOWERS OF TREBIZOND (Collins, 13s. 6d.) early this year.)

But now Ann Bridge, otherwise Mary Dolling Saunders, who married Sir Owen St. Clair O'Malley, seventh child of a seventh child, and mother of three, has succumbed to the general climate.

"THE LIGHT HEARTED QUEST" (Chilton and Windus, 15s.) is so good a travel book that it has all the prices of all the best hotels in North Africa and notes on the service. And it also has a story.

But all this is nothing beside the fact that we have notes on Marrakesh and what happens about where to stay in when rain falls on ancient pillars.

I must say I wish I were in on this Travel Book racket. I would very much like to go travelling madly at my publisher's expense all the way from Eastbourne to the Arctic Circle. Just so long as no one asks me to go through Suz.

You Song-writers! Take Heart From This Wife!



DURING the course of a year thousands of would-be song-writers sit down and write songs and lyrics.

These, they fondly think, only need someone to publish them, or some kind-hearted artist to sing or play them, and they, the writers, will become established in the income tax bracket of people like Cole Porter and Irving Berlin.

out of hundreds of amateur songs.

Mrs Langdon, quite naturally, thought the doors of Tin Pan Alley would henceforth be wide open to her talents. But, much to her disappointment, no one took any notice of them.

However, she was not the type of woman to be easily discouraged. Besides, she got a good deal of fun out of playing her little tunes on her dulcimer. During the next two years she wrote dozens of songs, and delighted as many publishers with her products. Rejection slips piled round her like the leaves from a tree in October.

companies had taken it for recording.

You can now hear it for yourself on Philips PB1053, sung by Terry Burton. It's called "A Letter to a Soldier."

Terry Burton will be joining the Show Band Saturday Show soon, and you will be able to hear her sing the song.

The B.B.C. will be featuring this song in other programmes. They, quite naturally, want to be able to claim it as a hit song created by them. After all, they have gone through 1,400 songs so far, and still have more than 1,000 to hear. So they deserve a good deal of credit.

Another

OUT of all these, Mrs Langdon's effort is the only one which has attracted public attention.

One success nearly always begets another. Terry Burton may become famous through "A Letter to a Soldier."

She has been connected with show business all her life. She is the daughter of a trumpeter in Joe Loss's Band, and although she has sung with many small bands, and with the Malcolm Mitchell Orchestra, this will be her first break into the big time.

However, if any of you reading this column should feel a song coming on, please, I beg of you, don't send it to me, but to "Our Kind of Music," B.B.C., London.

Guy's back

"MY GUYS COME BACK"—that was the title of a song which was very popular during the war. It looks as though it can now be adopted as a signature tune by all Guy Mitchell fans.

Guy is the robust gentleman who has been missing from our hit parades for so long. Seven or eight years ago he took Britain and America by storm. One hit followed another: "The Roving Kind," "Red Feathers," "Truly, Truly Fair," and many others. Everything he touched turned into royalties.

Suddenly he went right out of fashion. Now, I see, he is on his way back again.

His latest record, "Singing the Blues," is already No. 4 in the American best-sellers' list. It ought to repeat its success in Britain, but competition in the record game is rather tougher than it was, so he will not have the field completely to himself this time.

Decca, with the smell of a hit in its nostrils, has rushed out a record of its own. This is by the new British rock-and-roller, Tony Steele.

By some strange coincidence, both records have the same whistling introduction and the same "ukelele-laden" accompaniment. The singing, at least, is quite different. I wonder which one you will buy.

Eddie's back

ANOTHER Guy who has come back is the one who is always referred to as Prince Margaret's favourite singer, Eddie Fisher.

His hit—and make no mistake about it, it is going to be a big one—is a folk-song type of tune called "Cindy, Oh Cindy."

THE TOP TEN

- 1 JUST WALKING IN THE RAIN. Johnnie Ray. Philips.
- 2 WOMAN IN LOVE. Frankie Laine. Philips.
- 3 HOUND DOG. Elvis Presley. H.M.V.
- 4 MY PRAYER. Platters. Mercury.
- 5 GREEN DOOR. Frankie Vaughan. Philips.
- 6 WHEN MEXICO GAVE UP THE RUMBA. Mitchell Torok. Brunswick.
- 7 MORE. Jimmy Young. Decca.
- 8 RIP IT UP. Bill Haley. Canada. Brunswick.
- 9 ST. THERESE OF THE ROSES. Malcolm Yauhan. H.M.V.
- 10 BLUE MOON. Elvis Presley. RCA.

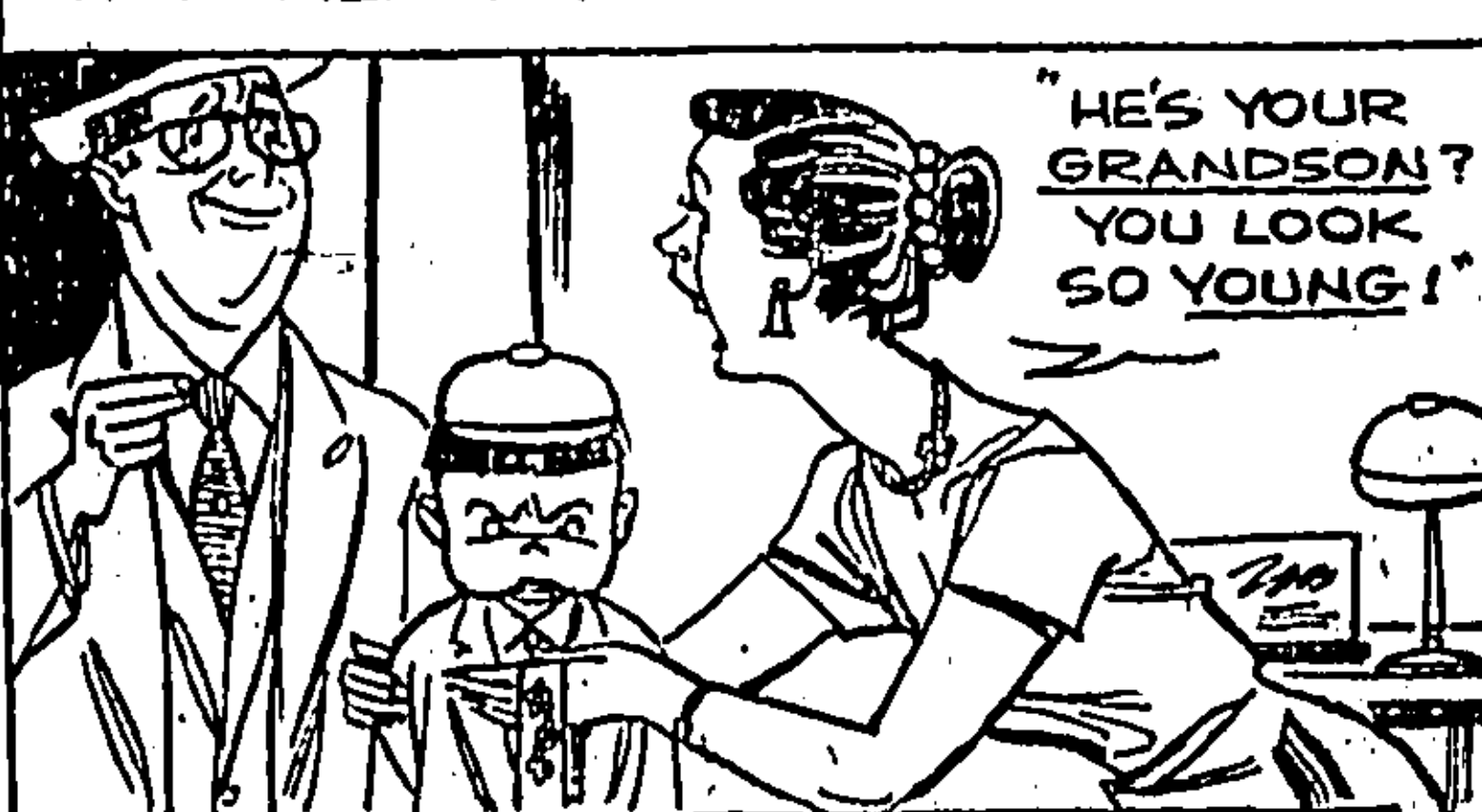
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

This Grandfather Business

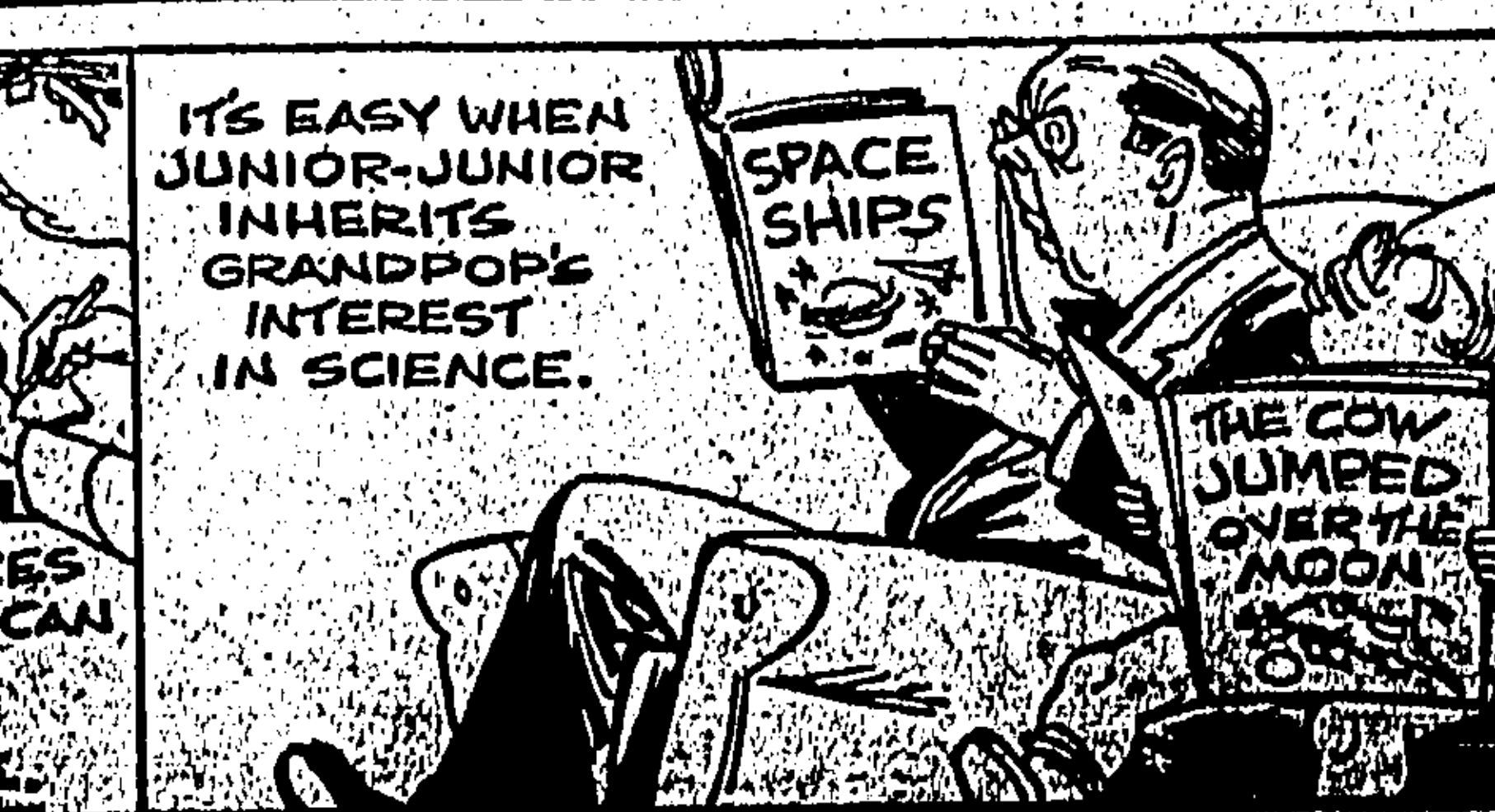
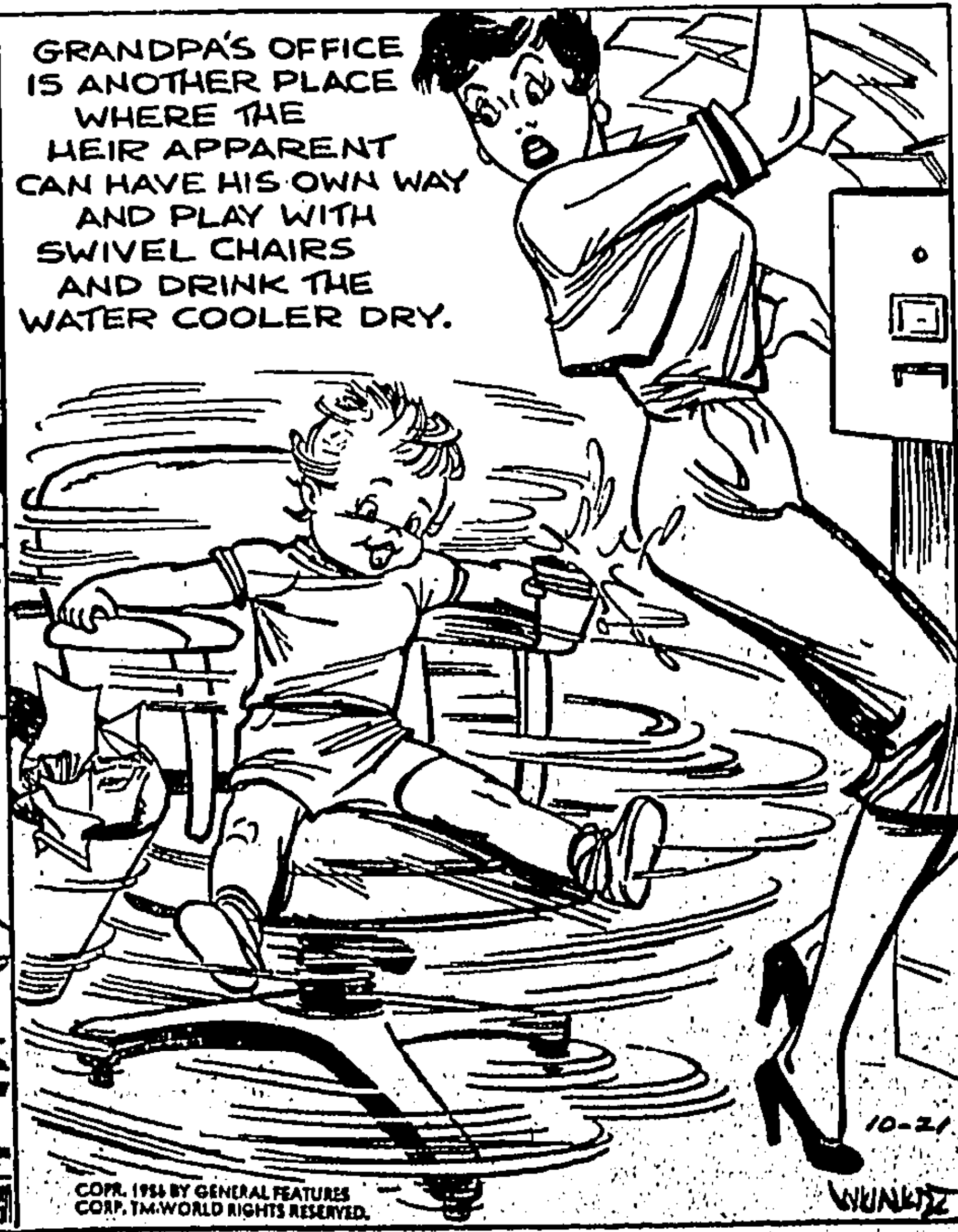
BY HARRY WEINERT



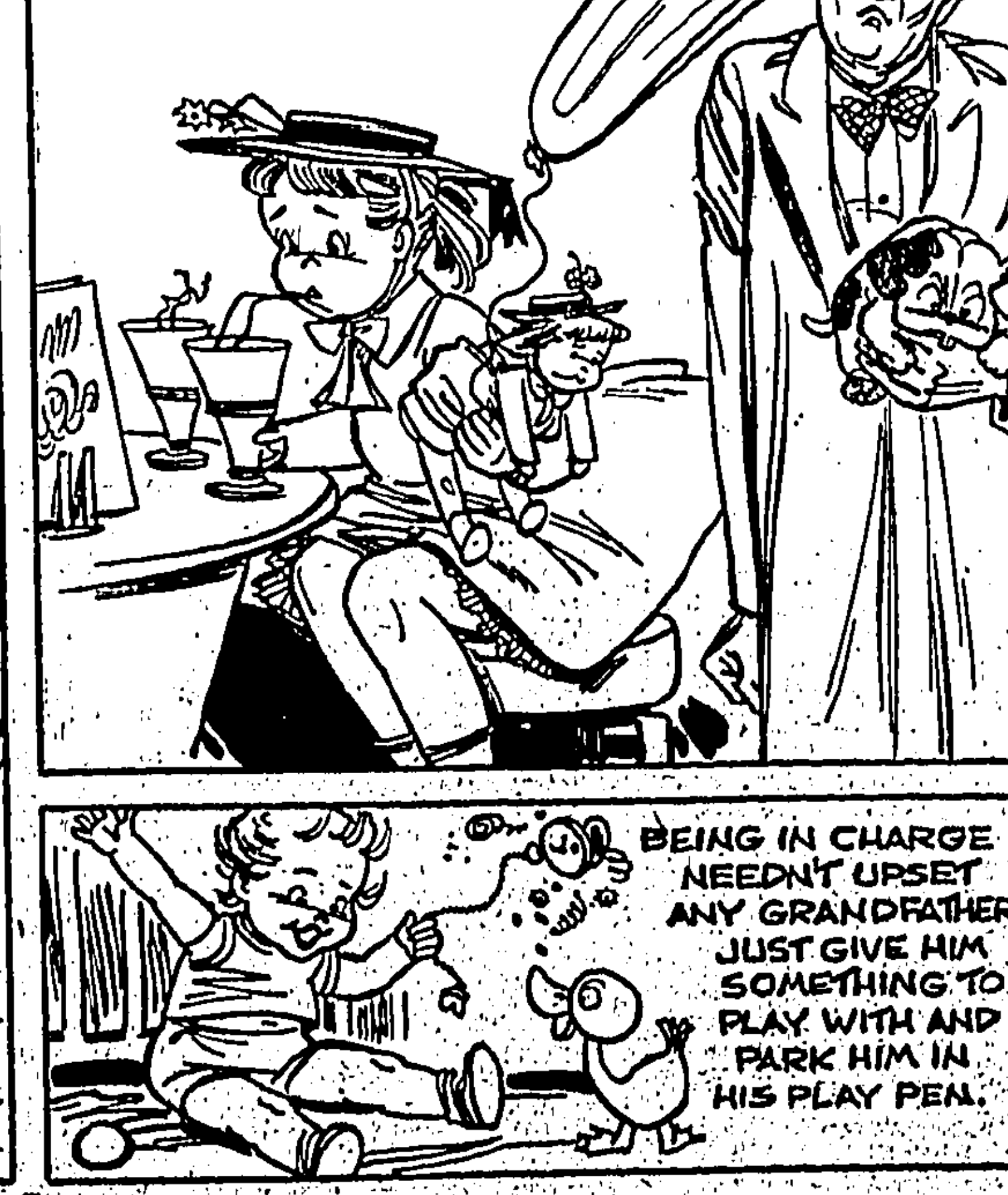
ANY GRANDFATHER WITH EXPERIENCE KNOWS BETTER THAN TO ATTEND THE KIDDIES' MATINEE—WHERE THERE'S MORE ACTION IN THE AUDIENCE THAN ON THE SCREEN.



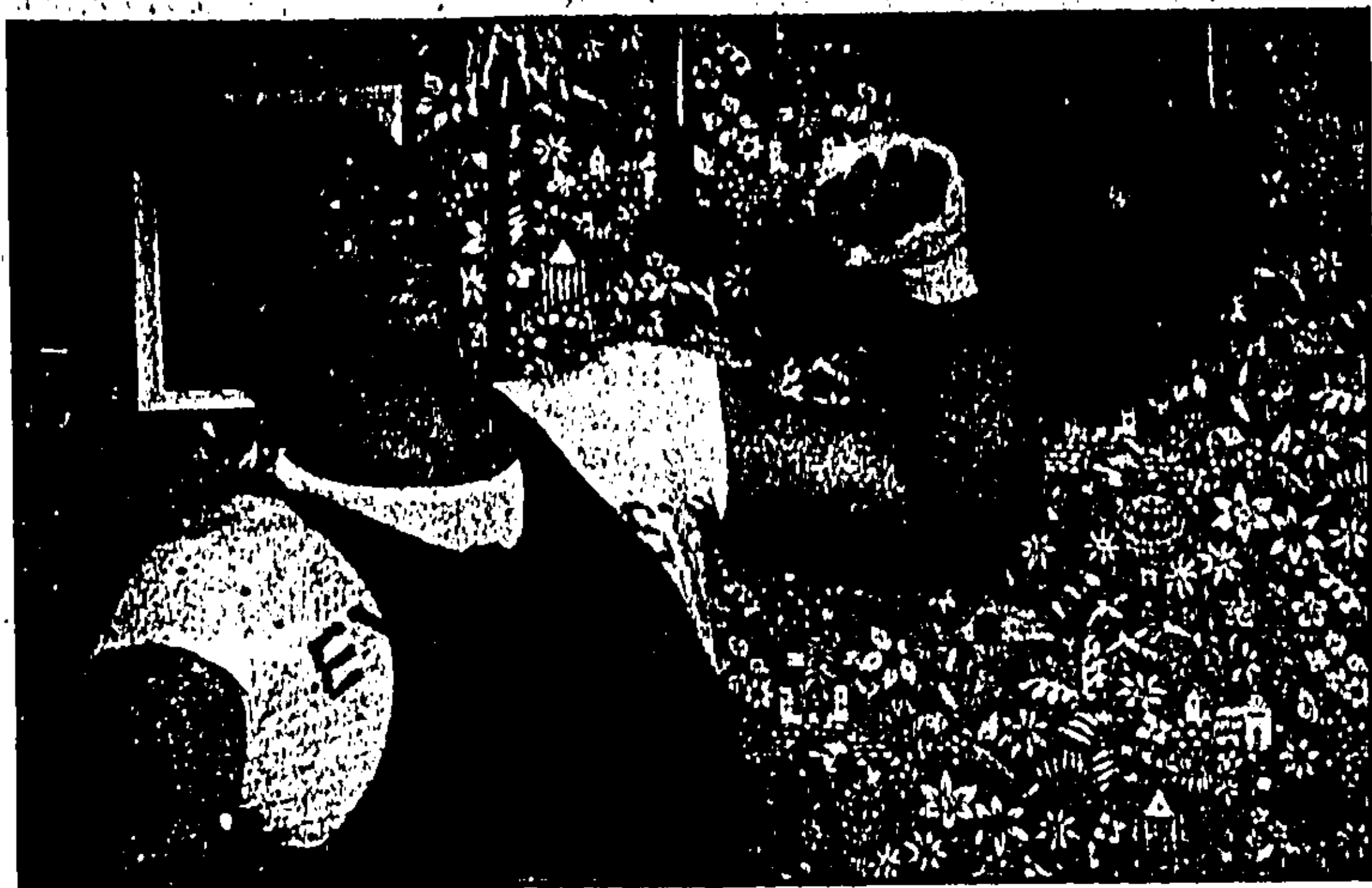
A LITTLE MORE OF THIS AND GRANDPOP WILL BUY OUT THE STORE.



IT COSTS MONEY TO TAKE A LADY OUT—BETWEEN TOY STORES, PET SHOPS AND SODA FOUNTAINS.



WHEN GRANDFATHER TAKES HER OUT TO LUNCH, SHE CAN EXPERIMENT AND ORDER ALL THE FOOD SHE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE.



Niko Valdes, American heavyweight from Cuba, doing his first training since his arrival in London on November 21 at a Bermondsey (London) gymnasium. He has come over to meet the British heavyweight, Dick Richardson, at Harringay, on December 4. — Central Press Photo.

WORLD OF SPORT

Aussies Demonstrate How To Make Tennis Globe-Trotting Pay

By DEREK JOHN

Frank Sedgman and Rex Hartwig recently gave an opportunist demonstration on the remote Indian Ocean island of Mauritius of how to make tennis globe-trotting pay.

On their way back to Australia from South Africa to watch the Olympics they stopped off for an hour, played an exhibition match, and pocketed £50 each.

And there was a big enough crowd of Europeans, Indians and Chinese to assure a profit for the astute promoters, too. "We can all put this among our curious datelines," said Sedgman.

The Australian pair plan to set off on an Australian tour after watching the Olympics.

With Pancho Gonzalez and Fay Trabert, these tennis players have just cleared an estimated £10,000 on a month's tour of South Africa. And they passed £1,500 on to the South African Lawn Tennis Union to keep amateur authorities happy.

The appointment of Jackie McGlew as captain for all five Tests has considerably brightened South Africa's chances in the coming series against the MCC. The selectors are satisfied that his injured right knee will soon mend, and they have dispelled rumours that his only rival, Clive Van Renswilde, might be preferred.

PERSONAL PRESTIGE

McGlew is more popular with the players, has enormous personal prestige as the country's best batsman and cricketer. As deputy to Jack Cusack, he led the Springboks to both the Test win against England in 1955, and a year before, in the tour of Australia and New Zealand, made the Springboks record Test score of 255.

News of the MCC tour in South Africa, apart from the strong view of the tour, is of good going on in the Ouse.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Cricket

1st Division: Army North v KCC, Opuntia v Army South, ITC v RAF, Police v Navy, Recreation v Scarborough.

2nd Division: DRS v Dockyard, KGV v Police, KCC Wasps v ITC, Navy v Recreation, RAF v Army North, University v KCC Hornets.

Soccer

1st Division: Eastern v Kwong, Wai (CI), KMB v Police (IS) all matches at 3.30 p.m.

2nd Division: Jardine v Solicitors (CI) 2 p.m.; CMB v Prisoners (IV) 2.15 p.m.; Dockyard v RMC (IV) 2.15 p.m.; D & S v RAF, Bai Wan (IV) 3.45 p.m.; Telephone v RMC (IV) 3.45 p.m.

3rd Division: Hollandia v Kin Godwin (IV) 2.15 p.m.; University v Rediffusion (IV) 3.45 p.m.

Racing

Second Day of Fourth Race Meeting at Happy Valley, 2 p.m.

Rugby

Inter-club Tournaments: Navy v RAF (Causeway Bay) 3 p.m.; Army North v Police (Kowloon) 3 p.m.; Club v Army South (Club) 3 p.m.

Hockey

Macao "A" v Nav Bharat (Sookun-poo) 4 p.m.; Macao "B" v Army Combined B & C (Sookun-poo) 2.30 p.m.

Admission: Stanley Training Centre, Sports Meeting, 2.30 p.m.

WHY THERE ARE SO MANY INJURIES THE FOOTBALLER TODAY IS A HIGHLY TRAINED ATHLETE

By DON REVIE

The activity of the ambulance men at Wembley for the England v Wales match plus a current crop of injuries to players has caused one fan to write to me: "Are modern players softer? Can't they take it like the players of the good old days?"

In fact, because we have had little rain this autumn the grounds are harder than they usually are at this time of the year. Hence players tend to pull muscles more easily.

However I think these injuries can be tabulated like this:

(1) Footballers are more fitly trained than they were. There is such an emphasis on speed that muscles are toned up like a sprinter's. One slight turn or twist—and the muscle stretches and tears.

(2) Footballers crowd more games into a season than the boys before the First World War. It is quite true to say that many footballers these days play more than 60 games a season—and it can zoom to over 70 if you include overseas tours and representative games.

(3) There is more running about on the field than there used to be. This may improve the game, but there is such an emphasis on speed that players run round trying to get into open spaces while defenders chase them—often without touching the ball.

(4) The faster speed has led to more players who don't tackle so strongly or smartly as the old-timers.

Some of the players who do not tackle so strongly or smartly as the old-timers are: Doherty (Preston), Billy Wright (Wolves), Ray Daniel (Sunderland) and Jimmy Scoullar (Newcastle) are today the exception rather than the rule. Many players go in for football with leg muscles relaxed, and if the other chap comes in hard they get hurt.

These then to my mind are the four reasons why there seem to be so many injuries in football today.

QUESTION OF VALUES

At last football clubs are waking up to the value of a good goalkeeper. The £22,000 transfer of Reg Matthews from Coventry City to Chelsea—immediately crewed from some quarters. "No goalkeeper is worth that much" is one complaint I have heard.

The critics argue that you could buy a first-class inside-

forward for that money. And you would probably get a good half-back or winger for much less.

Well, how much is a good goalkeeper worth? I would say he can be more important to a team than any other member of the side.

It means so much to a centre-half when under pressure that the man in goal is safe and ready to take a back pass. Many people fail to realize that the whole art of goalkeeping has changed in the last 20 years or so. In the old days many goalkeepers hugged their goal-line.

Came Frank Swift, and his contemporaries like Sam Bartman, Ted Sagar and Co. who changed the goalkeeper into something like an additional full-back, using the full penalty area and starting attacks by throwing the ball out instead of kicking it blindly upfield.

This style has been carried on by chaps like Ted Ditchburn (Spurs), Bert Trautmann (Manchester City), Reg Matthews (Chelsea), Ron Bynham (Luton Town) and Bert Williams (Wolves).

(COPYRIGHT)

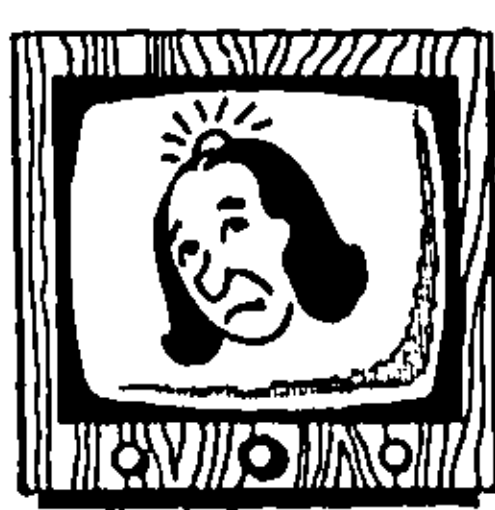
Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Trevor Ford.
2. No, except if the ball lands in part of the course under repair.
3. Hurdle racing.
4. Professional boxing.
5. A crown of laurels.
6. The Cesarewitch.
7. Fenner's is the Cambridge University sports ground, 111, Ivy Road, the Oxford University ground.
8. An Association Football match is 90 minutes long and a rugby match 80 minutes.
9. French.

SPECIALIST JOB

And at my new club, Sunderland, they have two first-rate goalkeepers in Willie Fraser and Johnny Boulds—I am already prepared to say that Boulds must come into the reckoning for a cap in the next few years.

In the modern game goalkeeping is a specialist's job. Think for a moment what the presence of "mighty" Frank Swift meant to England. Think how Bert Trautmann's clever and accurate

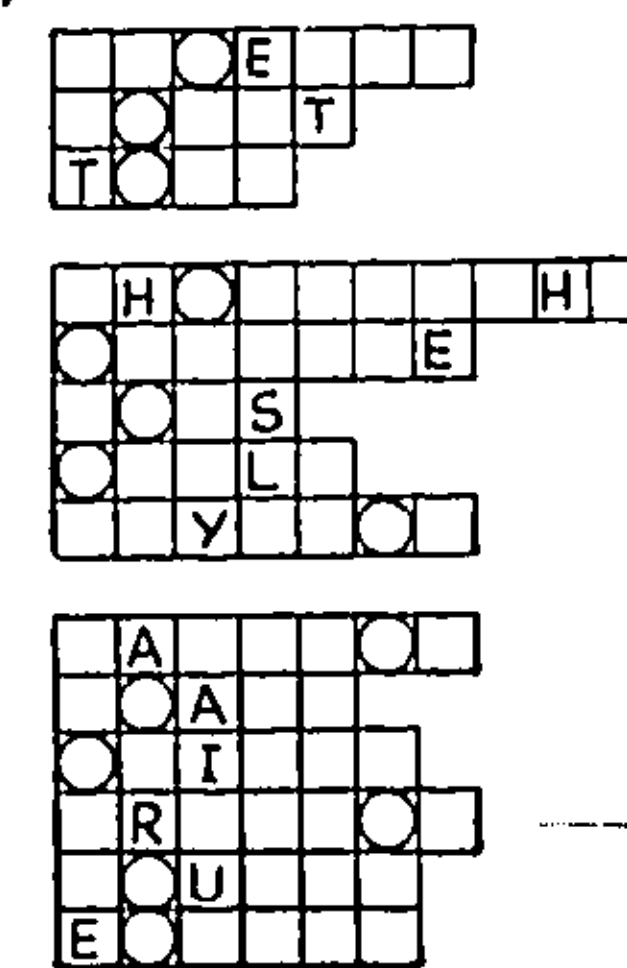


- 1 See
- 2 Electric one?
- 3 Axe this?
- 4 Has doctors
- 5 Knowledge
- 6 Rules
- 7 Adam's
- 8 Gives medicine
- 9 Tumbling
- 10 This weight
- 11 Poundage
- 12 Seriousness
- 13 Enrolment
- 14 Vim

Solution on back Page

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



BE SPECIFIC

Manila in only 2 hours & 40 minutes!



fly CATHAY PACIFIC

LIKED THE PAGE



When Norway's Audun Boysen decided not to do any front-running in the Olympic 800 Metres final he must have remembered what happened at the European Games at Berne in 1954. In the blanket finish at Berne, Derek Johnson (here pictured), came up from nowhere with his fastest-ever clocking.

Boysen did no front running at the Melbourne Games. This confused the field but not Johnson who capitalised on the general reluctance and held on to just lose out to Tom Courtney of the United States in a stride-for-stride finish. — Central Press Photo.

UNIQUE SELECTION of PRESENTATION SALVERS CUPS MEDALS SHIELDS

ENGRAVING AT SHORT NOTICE

Jamey King Limited

Phone: 33993 Prince's Bldg. (Ground Floor) Lee House Street, Hong Kong.

the most Welcome Christmas GIFT

WHITE HORSE SCOTCH WHISKY

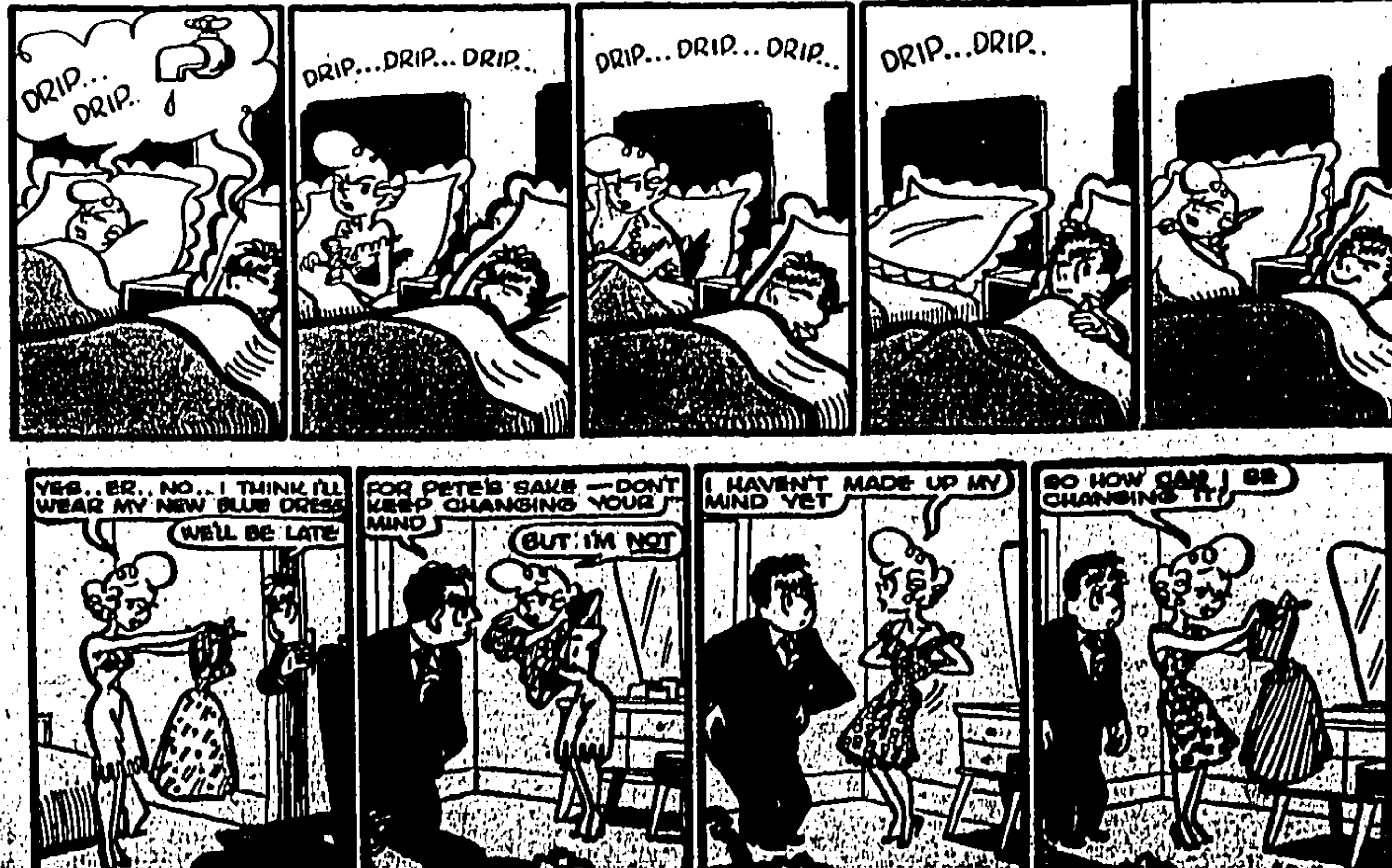
BURROUGHS' BEEFEATER LONDON DRY GIN

GOLDEN CHURN

better butter

SWIRE & MACLAINE LTD.

THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A TRUE STORY

The Moewe's Deadly Campaign In The Atlantic

ANY merchant ship sailing the Atlantic in 1917-18, unless in convoy, was a poor insurance risk.

For lucking, some-where on that lonely expanse was the German U-boat, the Moewe. At any moment it was likely to dart out of the mists with guns blazing.

Directly, the Moewe's stock-in-trade. A U-boat, she appeared to move not through the water, but through the air. Suddenly an unarmoured vessel, and usually flying a neutral flag, the U-boat had a deadly, drawing close to an unsuspecting victim.

VICTIM CORNERED

Once within range, down went her bow, exposing powerful guns. Up the hull went the German flag. Then a U-boat was fired at, as the merchant ship was cornered into a narrow channel.

If a U-boat was in the area, the Moewe's gun crew put a quick stop to it. But usually the merchant ship was cornered into a narrow channel.

Then the Moewe would send a U-boat party to search the U-boat.

When the Moewe could not find a U-boat, she would turn back. After removing passengers and crew from the prize, it was sent to the bottom by gunfire.

On her way to the Atlantic shipping lanes the Moewe counted for a bag of 15 Allied or neutral ships. She took a total of 500 prisoners, most of whom were put aboard a captured steamer and, under a German prize crew, taken into a neutral port.

THROUGH BLOCKADE

Her mission of destruction accomplished, the Moewe managed to slip through the British Navy's North Sea blockade and return to her home port for refitting.

After a short stay, she was sent back to sea. But not for long.

A few months later, the Moewe was on the prowl again. Her deadly technique this time accounted for 26 vessels, sunk without trace.

At the end of another of her secret Atlantic campaigns, 1,400 prisoners were unloading guests below her decks.

Then once again, the Moewe slipped through the blockade to reach sanctuary in a German port.



THAT MAKES 41 SHIPS FOR THE FATHERLAND!

That was the end of the Moewe's career as a terror of the seas. Before she was ready to resume the hunt, the German war effort collapsed. In the post-war chaos of a defeated Germany, nothing was heard of the ghost-raider for several years.

Then, in the mid-1920's, the Moewe was transferred to British registry. Shortly after that, the one-time terror of the seas, now a private freighter, turned up in a British port with a cargo of bananas to peddle.

—CLEMENS KIRCHNER

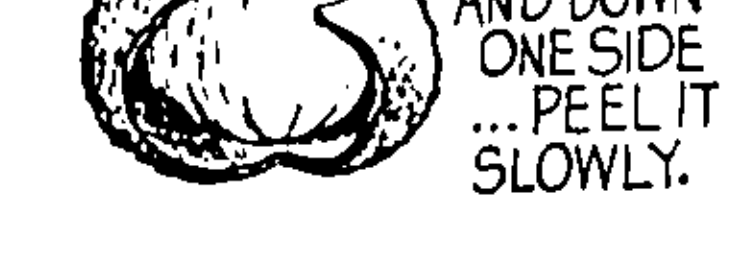


HOW TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

I WILL CHANGE THIS ORANGE INTO A BEAUTIFUL APPLE.

HERE'S HOW

1. CAREFULLY TAKE THE SKIN FROM AN ORANGE... ONE WITH A THICK SKIN IS BEST... TRY TO KEEP IT IN ONE PIECE BY CUTTING IT AROUND THE TOP AND DOWN ONE SIDE... PEEL IT SLOWLY.



The Fire Lookout Man Feels Lonesome—But Happy

By HENRY GRAHAM

ONE of the loneliest jobs in the world is that of the fire lookout man on the top of a high mountain peak. He often goes for days at a time without seeing another human being.

Naturally, the post requires a man with a certain temperament. He must be unafraid to stay by himself, he must not get too lonesome and he must be thoroughly dependable and trustworthy.

The lookout man's work is of the greatest importance. It is his job to keep his eyes alert for the faintest bit of smoke curling into the sky.

SMOKE IN THE WRONG SPOTS

HE knows the location of all villages, cabins, camp grounds, sawmills and inns. Smoke is expected to rise from such places and it arouses no suspicions on the part of the lookout man.

What DOES excite him is smoke in unexpected places



The heart of a forest fire at night is a fearful sight.

which people do not reach in vast numbers. If he sees smoke in the wrong spots, he gets busy at once.

First he locates the fire by means of an intricate device known as a fire finder. Then he calls the nearest Forest Service headquarters and reports the blaze.

Then it is headquarters' time to get busy.

Nowadays the airplane is used in fighting forest fires. Young men are carefully trained to parachute from a plane and land close to the trouble scene. They are husky, strong and fully equipped to fight fire. Soon after landing they are hard at work subduing the greedy flames.

If the blaze is difficult to control and requires reinforcements, additional men are often sent to the scene in trucks.

Skilled chefs prepare nourishing food for the sweating workers.

Every able-bodied man available pitches in to do his duty for the preservation of timber wealth is everybody's patriotic duty. Sometimes fires are extinguished only after many days of the hardest kind of toil.

Sometimes only a hard rain seems equal to the task of checking the advancing red monster. A day or two of soaking rain always does the job.

BIRD AND ANIMAL COMPANIONS

ONLY a trail usually leads to the fire lookout point, which is always located on a very high peak. The man stationed there has almost the whole mountain world at his feet. On a clear day he can see over hundreds of square miles of forest.

In some cases, food and other supplies are brought to the lookout on the back of a horse or mule. In other places, supplies must be carried up on packboards, by man power. Twisting up the mountain often requires several hours of grueling effort.

On several occasions I have talked with these men in off seasons. One of them had this to say.

"Yes, it is pretty lonesome at times way up there. Some fellows couldn't take it. They think they have to be where there is more going on.

"For companions during my working hours, I have birds of all sorts, sometimes a mountain lion or coyote and many smaller animals.

"One day is much like another. Occasionally a hiker or prospector stops in to chat, but not often. Few people get to the mountain tops, you know.

"We have a good deal of wind up there because it is hot. Far from timber land—the place beyond which trees cannot survive. Above timber, pine trees are killed and twisted into all sorts of freak shapes by the wind. They are gnarled and curled fantastically.

"From time to time, I have seen mountain goats and sheep while at my post. Several times I have seen eagles alight on some crag. Chipmunks scurry about on mossy logs.

"All of these things help to break the monotony. Of course, nowadays airplanes come over, too.

"But, lonely as it is, I love the work and am happy in the realization that my job is a useful one that is of benefit to my country."

The most dangerous forest fires are those that originate in some deep woodland glen. This is the type of fire that is started by careless campers or picnickers. Fire can sweep rapidly up a slope.

Lightning fires generally begin on a ridge from which the flames must move downward, which is always a slower process. Lightning is responsible for a good many bad fires every year and nothing can be done to prevent them of course.

But they are not so dangerous as those due to human negligence and ignorance.

Not only do forest fires destroy valuable tracts of timber, but they devour cabins, burn

out animal dens, eat up the grass needed by sheep and cattle and the shrubs on which wild animals live.

They leave ashes, the type from which runs into streams during rainstorms, killing fish and polluting the water.

RIGHT: A Martin? No, a heavily protected firefighter, parachute-borne. BELOW: Fire lookout maintains constant watch from his mountain-top tower home.



OLYMPIC STAMP ISSUED BY THE SAAR

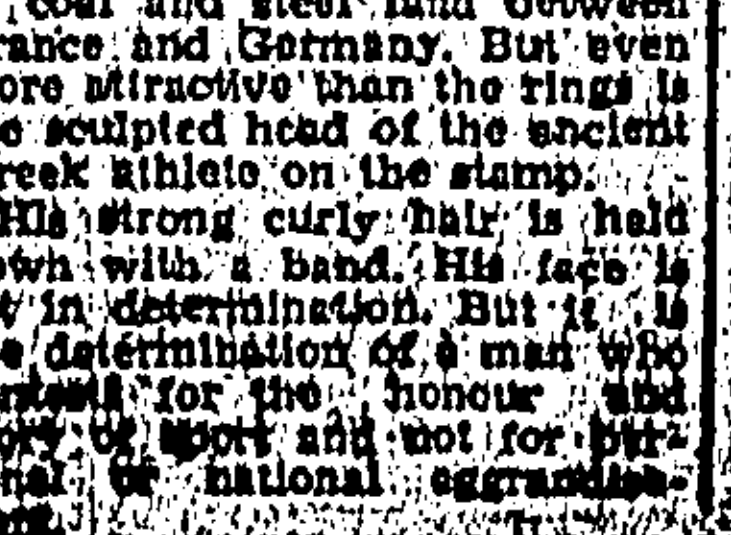
THE five continents of mankind are linked in the unity of sport as representatives of different nations participate in the Olympic Games currently being held in Melbourne.

These continents are symbolized in five interlocking rings—and these form one symbol of the Games.

The other symbol is a torch lit by the rays of the sun in Greece, the original home of the Olympics, and carried to the stadium by land, sea, and air.

The two rings feature prominently on this stamp issued for the Olympics by the Saar, tiny strip of coal and steel land between France and Germany. But even more attractive than the rings is the sculptured head of the ancient Greek athlete on the stamp.

His strong curly hair is held down with a band. His face is set in determination. But it is the determination of a man who competes for the honour and glory of his nation and not for the sake of national supremacy.



So You Think Poetry Is Sissy...

"I CAN'T invite Darrel to the party. Why, he likes POETRY!"

Butch and his mother were making out a list of people to invite to his tenth birthday party. Mother looked up, puzzled.

"What does that have to do with inviting him to the party?" she asked.

"Aw, anybody that likes poetry is a sissy," replied Butch.

"Oh, no, son. That's not necessarily true.

"A boy who likes poetry might be a sissy, but it isn't because he likes poetry."

"For one thing, it depends on what kind of poetry you mean. There are several kinds, you know, and until you study some of each, you can't know whether you like it or not."

POETS AND COWBOYS

"Why, poetry used to be one of the things that the knights in olden times most admired. They used to read about poets just as you do about cowboy actors in movies and television. In fact, all of the adventure stories in olden times used to be told in poetry."

Butch was amazed. "I didn't know THAT. Tell me about it."

"Well, you know how much you like to read about King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. All of those stories were first told in poetry. And they were sung by men,

to the music of a sort of small harp called a lyre.

"These men used to travel around and visit the castles and villages. That was the only entertainment people had besides their athletic games.

"Different writers have made the stories into prose since then, and people don't read the poetry about them as much as they used to. But we would never have had those wonderful stories about any of the ancient heroes if it hadn't been for poetry, because that was the only way people used to write.

IT'S NATURAL

"Reading or reciting poetry is natural because poetry has a swing, when we call rhythm. It can be exciting, just like singing a song when you are walking along.

"Even soldiers sing as they march, because the rhythm keeps them from getting tired. Reciting poetry together could do the same thing for them, but sang adds just that much more to the swing of the words."

"Then it doesn't mean that you are a sissy just because you like poetry?" asked Butch.

"Certainly not! But if you don't like poetry, or at least read enough of it to know whether or not you like it, that means you are cheating yourself out of a lot of pleasure because of a mistaken idea.

"Next time you're at the library, ask to see some books of boys' poetry. You might even get to like it yourself."

"O.K. Let's put Darrel's name on the list. Maybe he isn't a sissy after all."

Policeman's Vacation

—There's a Corner in the World He Likes Best—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow boy with the turned-about name, walked down the street, turned a corner and there was his friend, the Policeman.

"Good morning, Policeman," said Knarf.

"Good morning, Knarf," said the Policeman.

"I was just thinking," said Knarf, "that maybe when I went down the street and turned around the corner and came right here you wouldn't be here at all."

"Wouldn't I?" said the Policeman in surprise. "Why not?"

No Vacation

"Because," said Knarf, "here it is with the summer almost over and you still haven't gone on your vacation."

"Now that's a funny thing," said the Policeman. "I was just thinking of it myself. Ever since I've been on my vacation except me and what I was saying to myself just before you came along was, if I'm to go on a vacation, where am I to go?"

"You could go to the seashore," Knarf said. "Can you, nothing like a train trip except—"

"I certainly can," said the Policeman. "I'm a wonderful swimmer. I can also float. It's no trouble at all for me to swim and to float."

"Then you'll go to the seashore on your vacation. That didn't take long for you to decide, did it?"

The Policeman thought about this for a minute or two, then slowly shook his head.

"No, I'm not quite sure about going to the seashore. It isn't that I don't like it. Nothing is more pleasant as swimming, and floating and lying on the beach in the sunshine.

"It's only that I'm fond of the country, too. You know—the trees, flowers, birds, and bees. Always say give me a pleasant meadow and a shady tree to lie under and a robin to sing me to sleep and I'm the happiest man in the world."

Again Knarf smiled. "Then it's decided you'll go to the



They came out of the candy store with ice cream cones.

country on your vacation, Mr. Policeman?"

"No, now that I think of it, I guess I won't. Oh, the country is lovely but just think how much more fun it is going on a train. You go far, far away. You not only see trees and flowers and birds and bees, but mountains and rivers and forests and cities and lakes as well. You meet people you've never met before. There's really nothing like a train trip except—"

"Except what, Mr. Policeman?" Knarf wanted to know.

"Except for a boat trip," the Policeman answered. "How wonderful a boat trip can be. How you enjoy yourself standing up in the bow of a ship, watching the waves and the seagulls and the porpoises. The wind blows, and the sun shines and at night there are millions of stars. The moonbeams dance on the water."

"Then you've made up your mind. You're going on a boat trip!" shouted Knarf.

Conilo Veico

The Policeman was silent for quite a long while. When he finally spoke again his voice was gentle.

"After all," he said, "what is a vacation, Knarf? You go away for a little while but you always come back again. And I like it here—right here—right on this corner, talking to you and seeing all my other friends. I've just made up my mind. I'm going to spend my vacation right here."

And with that, the Policeman took Knarf's hand and they both went gaily down the street, into the candy store and out again with an ice cream cone each.

And all down the street the Policeman's friends smiled and wished him a wonderful time. The baker smiled, the butcher smiled, the bootblack smiled, even the cat in front of the grocery store, and the dog behind the barber's shop smiled at Policeman and Knarf.

"It's like having a vacation with all your friends along with you," said the Policeman. "That is the way I like it best."

Knarf knew exactly what he meant, for he was having a good time, too.

Rupert and the Fishing-rod—37



Bill does not understand what has caused his father to buy him a fishing rod. He is sure that it is a trick. He is sure that his father is trying to get him to go fishing. He is sure that his father is trying to get him to go fishing.

Bill does not understand what has caused his father to buy him a fishing rod. He is sure that it is a trick. He is sure that his father is trying to get him to go fishing. He is sure that his father is trying to get him to go fishing.

MECCANO

TOYS OF QUALITY

- MECCANO. The Greatest of all constructional toys—unrivalled for fun and interest.
- HORNBY-DUBLO ELECTRIC TRAINS. The perfect scale-model railway system—a complete railway on a table-top.
- HORNBY CLOCKWORK TRAINS. The sturdiest clockwork railway for younger boys.
- DINKY TOYS. Sturdy realistic miniatures of cars, lorries, tractors, planes, etc. All boys love to collect them.

Obtainable at all good stores and sports and toy dealers

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1

BORN today, you are a quiet, reserved individual. Yet, underneath this calm exterior, there is a powerful fire. You have the ability to lead others and have a magnetic personality which makes it possible for you to make friends easily and influence people. These are two basic characteristics for success and when combined with an ambition to get along in the world, you may find that they are practically unbeatable. You are a natural money-maker, too.

You are artistic, have a keen imagination, and the ability to produce new and interesting ideas. The stars have given you multiple talents and you must, early in life, select the one aspect of artistic expression which appeals to you most and bend all your efforts in that direction. Once you have learned the lesson of concentration on a single objective, you should reach your goal.

Since you are an individualist, you are also a firm believer in letting others run their own lives as they see fit. You do not want interference and hence you will not try to tell others what they should do. You will set a good example. If others wish to follow, then that is their good fortune!

Your emotions are strong and you will be happiest if you wed early. Select your marriage partner with great care or you may wish to make a change.

Among the born on this date were: William H. Holmes, geologist; Aneta Markova, ballerina; William Hornaday, zoologist; Yvonne D'Arle, actress; Foster Oak Church, actor; Samuel Kirkland, actor; Alina Rozeanu, dancer; and Queen Alexandra of England.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Long your magnetic personality to bear on some important problem and you will find it more easily solved.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Personal affairs take on great importance. In the coming month, you will find that the coming month brings pleasure as well as profit.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Social affairs are paramount today. Visit close friends and relatives at a distance if you can get away.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Good judgment and wisdom will prove stimulating in the next four weeks. Be sure to take advantage of new opportunities.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—If you have neglected your social correspondence lately, this is an excellent time to catch up on your list.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may find that financial matters relating to others have an importance quite out of proportion to other things today.

BORN today, you are one of those who seem to crave activity and excitement all the time. You thrive on exploits of adventure and "daring-do" and should always live and work in urban areas where excitement is keen. Strangely enough for one who has so much energy and initiative, you also make a fine co-worker or collaborator. That is, of course, if others will follow your lead! But you seem to have the gift of being able to make others want to do just that, so there is no problem at all.

You have a natural inventiveness which if properly promoted might put you in the higher income brackets at a comparatively early age. You do seem to have a little more than your share of good fortune, but this may merely be due to the fact that you are willing and able to work hard for everything you get. You are a little thoughtless of others who are less aggressive than you are and might well give a thought, now and then, to the other fellow. Along your climb to success, you must realize that not everyone is endowed with the same "git-up-and-go" that you are. It takes all kinds of people to make a world. With those who really try hard, you are entirely sympathetic. The one thing you cannot endure is mental or physical laziness.

You have a full share of good, common sense in everything except, perhaps, in what pertains to love and romance. Here you are inclined to be impulsive and need to watch your step. For you, to wed in haste is to repent at leisure. Yet, wed to the right person, there is exceptional happiness in store.

Among those born on this date were: Paul Allhouse, tenor; Dr. Joseph Guilloitine and Franklin L. Pope, inventors; F. B. Kellogg and John Breckenridge, statesmen; Jesse Crawford, organist; and Harry Flagler, music patron.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You can be progressive and yet practical. Don't rush into things. Take time out to think.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Keep your regular routine moving and you won't run in a different later on. Don't experiment.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Pay close attention to your normal routine and let experimentation go until another, better day. Be conservative.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Be sure to get all the facts on anything important before you act. Seeing with you today, is the only way of believing.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Use all your talents, especially if you are in retail selling and you will find that results are good.

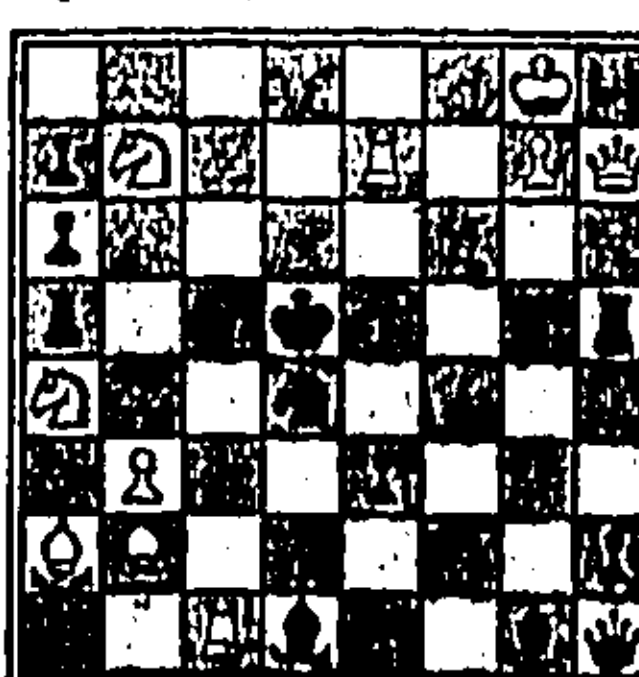
TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may find that what you need most today is to rest up from a vigorous week-end. If you must work, take it easy.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Personal relations may appear strained, but it could be your own fault. Watch your temper and stay calm.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—It will be well to have your emotions well in hand today for you may discover personal problems are trying.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Keep closely to regular routine today for unexpected surprises could be highly upsetting to your progress.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A normally good day for shopping or other activities which have a personal factor involved. Business is only fair.

CHESS
by LEONARD BARDEN

A problem by G. Heathcote (Hampstead Express, 1905).

White mates in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. Qxh5, PxQ; 2. Kxh5, Kxh5; 3. Rxe5, Rxe5; 4. Bxe5, Bxe5; 5. Kxe5, Kxe5; 6. Qxe5, Qxe5; 7. Kxe5, Kxe5; 8. Qxe5, Qxe5; 9. Kxe5, Kxe5; 10. Qxe5, Qxe5; 11. Kxe5, Kxe5; 12. Qxe5, Qxe5; 13. Kxe5, Kxe5; 14. Qxe5, Qxe5; 15. Kxe5, Kxe5; 16. Qxe5, Qxe5; 17. Kxe5, Kxe5; 18. Qxe5, Qxe5; 19. Kxe5, Kxe5; 20. Qxe5, Qxe5; 21. Kxe5, Kxe5; 22. Qxe5, Qxe5; 23. Kxe5, Kxe5; 24. Qxe5, Qxe5; 25. Kxe5, Kxe5; 26. Qxe5, Qxe5; 27. Kxe5, Kxe5; 28. Qxe5, Qxe5; 29. Kxe5, Kxe5; 30. Qxe5, Qxe5; 31. Kxe5, Kxe5; 32. Qxe5, Qxe5; 33. Kxe5, Kxe5; 34. Qxe5, Qxe5; 35. Kxe5, Kxe5; 36. Qxe5, Qxe5; 37. Kxe5, Kxe5; 38. Qxe5, Qxe5; 39. Kxe5, Kxe5; 40. Qxe5, Qxe5; 41. Kxe5, Kxe5; 42. Qxe5, Qxe5; 43. Kxe5, Kxe5; 44. Qxe5, Qxe5; 45. Kxe5, Kxe5; 46. Qxe5, Qxe5; 47. Kxe5, Kxe5; 48. Qxe5, Qxe5; 49. Kxe5, Kxe5; 50. Qxe5, Qxe5; 51. Kxe5, Kxe5; 52. Qxe5, Qxe5; 53. Kxe5, Kxe5; 54. Qxe5, Qxe5; 55. Kxe5, Kxe5; 56. Qxe5, Qxe5; 57. Kxe5, Kxe5; 58. Qxe5, Qxe5; 59. Kxe5, Kxe5; 60. Qxe5, Qxe5; 61. Kxe5, Kxe5; 62. Qxe5, Qxe5; 63. Kxe5, Kxe5; 64. Qxe5, Qxe5; 65. Kxe5, Kxe5; 66. Qxe5, Qxe5; 67. Kxe5, Kxe5; 68. Qxe5, Qxe5; 69. Kxe5, Kxe5; 70. Qxe5, Qxe5; 71. Kxe5, Kxe5; 72. Qxe5, Qxe5; 73. Kxe5, Kxe5; 74. Qxe5, Qxe5; 75. Kxe5, Kxe5; 76. Qxe5, Qxe5; 77. Kxe5, Kxe5; 78. Qxe5, Qxe5; 79. Kxe5, Kxe5; 80. Qxe5, Qxe5; 81. Kxe5, Kxe5; 82. Qxe5, Qxe5; 83. Kxe5, Kxe5; 84. Qxe5, Qxe5; 85. Kxe5, Kxe5; 86. Qxe5, Qxe5; 87. Kxe5, Kxe5; 88. Qxe5, Qxe5; 89. Kxe5, Kxe5; 90. Qxe5, Qxe5; 91. Kxe5, Kxe5; 92. Qxe5, Qxe5; 93. Kxe5, Kxe5; 94. Qxe5, Qxe5; 95. Kxe5, Kxe5; 96. Qxe5, Qxe5; 97. Kxe5, Kxe5; 98. Qxe5, Qxe5; 99. Kxe5, Kxe5; 100. Qxe5, Qxe5; 101. Kxe5, Kxe5; 102. Qxe5, Qxe5; 103. Kxe5, Kxe5; 104. Qxe5, Qxe5; 105. Kxe5, Kxe5; 106. Qxe5, Qxe5; 107. Kxe5, Kxe5; 108. Qxe5, Qxe5; 109. Kxe5, Kxe5; 110. Qxe5, Qxe5; 111. Kxe5, Kxe5; 112. Qxe5, Qxe5; 113. Kxe5, Kxe5; 114. Qxe5, Qxe5; 115. Kxe5, Kxe5; 116. Qxe5, Qxe5; 117. Kxe5, Kxe5; 118. Qxe5, Qxe5; 119. Kxe5, Kxe5; 120. Qxe5, Qxe5; 121. Kxe5, Kxe5; 122. Qxe5, Qxe5; 123. Kxe5, Kxe5; 124. Qxe5, Qxe5; 125. Kxe5, Kxe5; 126. Qxe5, Qxe5; 127. Kxe5, Kxe5; 128. Qxe5, Qxe5; 129. Kxe5, Kxe5; 130. Qxe5, Qxe5; 131. Kxe5, Kxe5; 132. Qxe5, Qxe5; 133. Kxe5, Kxe5; 134. Qxe5, Qxe5; 135. Kxe5, Kxe5; 136. Qxe5, Qxe5; 137. Kxe5, Kxe5; 138. Qxe5, Qxe5; 139. Kxe5, Kxe5; 140. Qxe5, Qxe5; 141. Kxe5, Kxe5; 142. Qxe5, Qxe5; 143. Kxe5, Kxe5; 144. Qxe5, Qxe5; 145. Kxe5, Kxe5; 146. Qxe5, Qxe5; 147. Kxe5, Kxe5; 148. Qxe5, Qxe5; 149. Kxe5, Kxe5; 150. Qxe5, Qxe5; 151. Kxe5, Kxe5; 152. Qxe5, Qxe5; 153. Kxe5, Kxe5; 154. Qxe5, Qxe5; 155. Kxe5, Kxe5; 156. Qxe5, Qxe5; 157. Kxe5, Kxe5; 158. Qxe5, Qxe5; 159. Kxe5, Kxe5; 160. Qxe5, Qxe5; 161. Kxe5, Kxe5; 162. Qxe5, Qxe5; 163. Kxe5, Kxe5; 164. Qxe5, Qxe5; 165. Kxe5, Kxe5; 166. Qxe5, Qxe5; 167. Kxe5, Kxe5; 168. Qxe5, Qxe5; 169. Kxe5, Kxe5; 170. Qxe5, Qxe5; 171. Kxe5, Kxe5; 172. Qxe5, Qxe5; 173. Kxe5, Kxe5; 174. Qxe5, Qxe5; 175. Kxe5, Kxe5; 176. Qxe5, Qxe5; 177. Kxe5, Kxe5; 178. Qxe5, Qxe5; 179. Kxe5, Kxe5; 180. Qxe5, Qxe5; 181. Kxe5, Kxe5; 182. Qxe5, Qxe5; 183. Kxe5, Kxe5; 184. Qxe5, Qxe5; 185. Kxe5, Kxe5; 186. Qxe5, Qxe5; 187. Kxe5, Kxe5; 188. Qxe5, Qxe5; 189. Kxe5, Kxe5; 190. Qxe5, Qxe5; 191. Kxe5, Kxe5; 192. Qxe5, Qxe5; 193. Kxe5, Kxe5; 194. Qxe5, Qxe5; 195. Kxe5, Kxe5; 196. Qxe5, Qxe5; 197. Kxe5, Kxe5; 198. Qxe5, Qxe5; 199. Kxe5, Kxe5; 200. Qxe5, Qxe5; 201. Kxe5, Kxe5; 202. Qxe5, Qxe5; 203. Kxe5, Kxe5; 204. Qxe5, Qxe5; 205. Kxe5, Kxe5; 206. Qxe5, Qxe5; 207. Kxe5, Kxe5; 208. Qxe5, Qxe5; 209. Kxe5, Kxe5; 210. Qxe5, Qxe5; 211. Kxe5, Kxe5; 212. Qxe5, Qxe5; 213. Kxe5, Kxe5; 214. Qxe5, Qxe5; 215. Kxe5, Kxe5; 216. Qxe5, Qxe5; 217. Kxe5, Kxe5; 218. Qxe5, Qxe5; 219. Kxe5, Kxe5; 220. Qxe5, Qxe5; 221. Kxe5, Kxe5; 222. Qxe5, Qxe5; 223. Kxe5, Kxe5; 224. Qxe5, Qxe5; 225. Kxe5, Kxe5; 226. Qxe5, Qxe5; 227. Kxe5, Kxe5; 228. Qxe5, Qxe5; 229. Kxe5, Kxe5; 230. Qxe5, Qxe5; 231. Kxe5, Kxe5; 232. Qxe5, Qxe5; 233. Kxe5, Kxe5; 234. Qxe5, Qxe5; 235. Kxe5, Kxe5; 236. Qxe5, Qxe5; 237. Kxe5, Kxe5; 238. Qxe5, Qxe5; 239. Kxe5, Kxe5; 240. Qxe5, Qxe5; 241. Kxe5, Kxe5; 242. Qxe5, Qxe5; 243. Kxe5, Kxe5; 244. Qxe5, Qxe5; 245. Kxe5, Kxe5; 246. Qxe5, Qxe5; 247. Kxe5, Kxe5; 248. Qxe5, Qxe5; 249. Kxe5, Kxe5; 250. Qxe5, Qxe5; 251. Kxe5, Kxe5; 252. Qxe5, Qxe5; 253. Kxe5, Kxe5; 254. Qxe5, Qxe5; 255. Kxe5, Kxe5; 256. Qxe5, Qxe5; 257. Kxe5, Kxe5; 258. Qxe5, Qxe5; 259. Kxe5, Kxe5; 260. Qxe5, Qxe5; 261. Kxe5, Kxe5; 262. Qxe5, Qxe5; 263. Kxe5, Kxe5; 264. Qxe5, Qxe5; 265. Kxe5, Kxe5; 266. Qxe5, Qxe5; 267. Kxe5, Kxe5; 268. Qxe5, Qxe5; 269. Kxe5, Kxe5; 270. Qxe5, Qxe5; 271. Kxe5, Kxe5; 272. Qxe5, Qxe5; 273. Kxe5, Kxe5; 274. Qxe5, Qxe5; 275. Kxe5, Kxe5; 276. Qxe5, Qxe5; 277. Kxe5, Kxe5; 278. Qxe5, Qxe5; 279. Kxe5, Kxe5; 280. Qxe5, Qxe5; 281. Kxe5, Kxe5; 282. Qxe5, Qxe5; 283. Kxe5, Kxe5; 284. Qxe5, Qxe5; 285. Kxe5, Kxe5; 286. Qxe5, Qxe5; 287. Kxe5, Kxe5; 288. Qxe5, Qxe5; 289. Kxe5, Kxe5; 290. Qxe5, Qxe5; 291. Kxe5, Kxe5; 292. Qxe5, Qxe5; 293. Kxe5, Kxe5; 294. Qxe5, Qxe5; 295. Kxe5, Kxe5; 296. Qxe5, Qxe5; 297. Kxe5, Kxe5; 298. Qxe5, Qxe5; 299. Kxe5, Kxe5; 300. Qxe5, Qxe5; 301. Kxe5, Kxe5; 302. Qxe5, Qxe5; 303. Kxe5, Kxe5; 304. Qxe5, Qxe5; 305. Kxe5, Kxe5; 306. Qxe5, Qxe5; 307. Kxe5, Kxe5; 308. Qxe5, Qxe5; 309. Kxe5, Kxe5; 310. Qxe5, Qxe5; 311. Kxe5, Kxe5; 312. Qxe5, Qxe5; 313. Kxe5, Kxe5; 314. Qxe5, Qxe5; 315. Kxe5, Kxe5; 316. Qxe5, Qxe5; 317. Kxe5, Kxe5; 318. Qxe5, Qxe5; 319. Kxe5, Kxe5; 320. Qxe5, Qxe5; 321. Kxe5, Kxe5; 322. Qxe5, Qxe5; 323. Kxe5, Kxe5; 324. Qxe5, Qxe5; 325. Kxe5, Kxe5; 326. Qxe5, Qxe5; 327. Kxe5, Kxe5; 328. Qxe5, Qxe5; 329. Kxe5, Kxe5; 330. Qxe5, Qxe5; 331. Kxe5, Kxe5; 332. Qxe5, Qxe5; 333. Kxe5, Kxe5; 334. Qxe5, Qxe5; 335. Kxe5, Kxe5; 336. Qxe5, Qxe5; 337. Kxe5, Kxe5; 338. Qxe5, Qxe5; 339. Kxe5, Kxe5; 340. Qxe5, Qxe5; 341. Kxe5, Kxe5; 342. Qxe5, Qxe5; 343. Kxe5, Kxe5; 344. Qxe5, Qxe5; 345. Kxe5, Kxe5; 346. Qxe5, Qxe5; 347. Kxe5, Kxe5; 348. Qxe5, Qxe5; 349. Kxe5, Kxe5; 350. Qxe5, Qxe5; 351. Kxe5, Kxe5; 352. Qxe5, Qxe5; 353. Kxe5, Kxe5; 354. Qxe5, Qxe5; 355. Kxe5, Kxe5; 356. Qxe5, Qxe5; 357. Kxe5, Kxe5; 358. Qxe5, Qxe5; 359. Kxe5, Kxe5; 360. Qxe5, Qxe5; 361. Kxe5, Kxe5; 362. Qxe5, Qxe5; 363. Kxe5, Kxe5; 364. Qxe5, Qxe5; 365. Kxe5, Kxe5; 366. Qxe5, Qxe5; 367. Kxe5, Kxe5; 368. Qxe5, Qxe5; 369. Kxe5, Kxe5; 370. Qxe5, Qxe5; 371. Kxe5, Kxe5; 372. Qxe5, Qxe5; 373. Kxe5, Kxe5; 374. Qxe5, Qxe5; 375. Kxe5, Kxe5; 376. Qxe5, Qxe5; 377. Kxe5, Kxe5; 378. Qxe5, Qxe5; 379. Kxe5, Kxe5; 380. Qxe5, Qxe5; 381. Kxe5, Kxe5; 382. Qxe5, Qxe5; 383. Kxe5, Kxe5; 384. Qxe5, Qxe5; 385. Kxe5, Kxe5; 386. Qxe5, Qxe5; 387. Kxe5, Kxe5; 388. Qxe5, Qxe5; 389. Kxe5, Kxe5; 390. Qxe5, Qxe5; 391. Kxe5, Kxe5; 392. Qxe5, Qxe5; 393. Kxe5, Kxe5; 394. Qxe5, Qxe5; 395. Kxe5, Kxe5; 396. Qxe5, Qxe5; 397. Kxe5, Kxe5; 398. Qxe5, Qxe5; 399. Kxe5, Kxe5; 400. Qxe5, Qxe5; 401. Kxe5, Kxe5; 402. Qxe5, Qxe5; 403. Kxe5, Kxe5; 404. Qxe5, Qxe5; 405. Kxe5, Kxe5; 406. Qxe5, Qxe5; 407. Kxe5, Kxe5; 408. Qxe5, Qxe5; 409. Kxe5, Kxe5; 410. Qxe5, Qxe5; 411. Kxe5, Kxe5; 412. Qxe5, Qxe5; 413. Kxe5, Kxe5; 414. Qxe5, Qxe5; 415. Kxe5, Kxe5; 416. Qxe5, Qxe5; 417. Kxe5, Kxe5; 418. Qxe5, Qxe5; 419. Kxe5, Kxe5; 420. Qxe5, Qxe5; 421. Kxe5, Kxe5; 422. Qxe5, Qxe5; 423. Kxe5, Kxe5; 424. Qxe5, Qxe5; 425. Kxe5, Kxe5; 426. Qxe5, Qxe5; 427. Kxe5, Kxe5; 428. Qxe5, Qxe5; 429. Kxe5, Kxe5; 430. Qxe5, Qxe5; 431. Kxe5, Kxe5; 432. Qxe5, Qxe5; 433. Kxe5, Kxe5; 434. Qxe5, Qxe5; 435. Kxe5, Kxe5; 436. Qxe5, Qxe5; 437. Kxe5, Kxe5; 438. Qxe5, Qxe5; 439. Kxe5, Kxe5; 440. Qxe5, Qxe5; 441. Kxe5, Kxe5; 442. Qxe5, Qxe5; 443. Kxe5, Kxe5; 444. Qxe5, Qxe5; 445. Kxe5, Kxe5; 446. Qxe5, Qxe5; 447. Kxe5, Kxe5; 448. Qxe5, Qxe5; 449. Kxe5, Kxe5; 450. Qxe5, Qxe5; 451. Kxe5, Kxe5; 452. Qxe5, Qxe5; 453. Kxe5, Kxe5; 454. Qxe5, Qxe5; 455. Kxe5, Kxe5; 456. Qxe5, Qxe5; 457. Kxe5, Kxe5; 458. Qxe5, Qxe5; 459. Kxe5, Kxe5; 460. Qxe5, Qxe5; 461. Kxe5, Kxe5; 462. Qxe5, Qxe5; 463. Kxe5, Kxe5; 464. Qxe5, Qxe5; 465. Kxe5, Kxe5; 466. Qxe5, Qxe5; 467. Kxe5, Kxe5; 468. Qxe5, Qxe5; 469. Kxe5, Kxe5; 470. Qxe5, Qxe5; 471. Kxe5, Kxe5; 472. Qxe5, Qxe5; 473. Kxe5, Kxe5; 474. Qxe5, Qxe5; 475. Kxe5, Kxe5; 476. Qxe5, Qxe5; 477. Kxe5, Kxe5; 478. Qxe5, Qxe5; 479. Kxe5, Kxe5; 480. Qxe5, Qxe5; 481. Kxe5, Kxe5; 482. Qxe5, Qxe5; 483. Kxe5, Kxe5; 484. Qxe5, Qxe5; 485. Kxe5, Kxe5; 486. Qxe5, Qxe5; 487. Kxe5, Kxe5; 488. Qxe5, Qxe5; 489. Kxe5, Kxe5; 490. Qxe5, Qxe5; 491. Kxe5, Kxe5; 492. Qxe5, Qxe5; 493. Kxe5, Kxe5; 494. Qxe5, Qxe5; 495. Kxe5, Kxe5; 496. Qxe5, Qxe5; 497. Kxe5, Kxe5; 498. Qxe5, Qxe5; 499. Kxe5, Kxe5; 500. Qxe5, Qxe5; 501. Kxe5, Kxe5; 502. Qxe5, Qxe5; 503. Kxe5, Kxe5; 504. Qxe5, Qxe5; 505. Kxe5, Kxe5; 506. Qxe5, Qxe5; 507. Kxe5, Kxe5; 508. Qxe5, Qxe5; 509. Kxe5, Kxe5; 510. Qxe5, Qxe5; 511. Kxe5, Kxe5; 512. Qxe5, Qxe5; 513. Kxe5, Kxe5; 514. Qxe5, Qxe5; 515. Kxe5, Kxe5; 516. Qxe5, Qxe5; 517. Kxe5, Kxe5; 518. Qxe5, Qxe5; 519. Kxe5, Kxe5; 520. Qxe5, Qxe5; 521. Kxe5, Kxe5; 522. Qxe5, Qxe5; 523. Kxe5, Kxe5; 524. Qxe5, Qxe5; 525. Kxe5, Kxe5; 526. Qxe5, Qxe5; 527. Kxe5, Kxe5; 528. Qxe5, Qxe5; 529. Kxe5, Kxe5; 530. Qxe5, Qxe5; 531. Kxe5, Kxe5; 532. Qxe5, Qxe5; 533. Kxe5, Kxe5; 534. Qxe5, Qxe5; 535. Kxe5, Kxe5; 536. Qxe5, Qxe5; 537. Kxe5, Kxe5; 538. Qxe5, Qxe5; 539. Kxe5, Kxe5; 540. Qxe5, Qxe5; 541. Kxe5, Kxe5; 542. Qxe5, Qxe5; 543. Kxe5, Kxe5; 544. Qxe5, Qxe5; 545. Kxe5, Kxe5; 546. Qxe5, Qxe5; 547. Kxe5, Kxe5; 548. Qxe5, Qxe5; 549. Kxe5, Kxe5; 550. Qxe5, Qxe5; 551. Kxe5, Kxe5; 552. Qxe5, Qxe5; 553. Kxe5, Kxe5; 554. Qxe5, Qxe5; 555. Kxe5, Kxe5; 556. Qxe5, Qxe5; 557. Kxe5, Kxe5; 558. Qxe5, Qxe5; 559. Kxe5, Kxe5; 560. Qxe5, Qxe5; 561. Kxe5, Kxe5; 562. Qxe5, Qxe5; 563. Kxe5, Kxe5; 564. Qxe5, Qxe5; 565. Kxe5, Kxe5; 566. Qxe5, Qxe5; 567. Kxe5, Kxe5; 568. Qxe5, Qxe5; 569. Kxe5, Kxe5; 570. Qxe5, Qxe5; 571. Kxe5, Kxe5; 572. Qxe5, Qxe5; 573. Kxe5, Kxe5; 574. Qxe5, Qxe5; 575. Kxe5, Kxe5; 576. Qxe5, Qxe5; 577. Kxe5, Kxe5; 578. Qxe5, Qxe5; 579. Kxe5, Kxe5; 580. Qxe5, Qxe5; 581. Kxe5, Kxe5; 582. Qxe5, Qxe5; 583. Kxe5, Kxe5; 584. Qxe5, Qxe5; 585. Kxe5, Kxe5; 586. Qxe5, Qxe5; 587. Kxe5, Kxe5; 588. Qxe5, Qxe5; 589. Kxe5, Kxe5; 590. Qxe5, Qxe5; 591. Kxe5, Kxe5; 592. Qxe5, Qxe5; 593. Kxe5, Kxe5; 594. Qxe5, Qxe5; 595. Kxe5, Kxe5; 596. Qxe5, Qxe5; 597. Kxe5, Kxe5; 598. Qxe5, Qxe5; 599. Kxe5, Kxe5; 600. Qxe5, Qxe5; 601. Kxe5, Kxe5; 602. Qxe5, Qxe5; 603. Kxe5, Kxe5; 604. Qxe5, Qxe5; 605. Kxe5, Kxe5; 606. Qxe5, Qxe5; 607. Kxe5, Kxe5; 608. Qxe5, Qxe5; 609. Kxe5, Kxe5; 610. Qxe5, Qxe5; 611. Kxe5, Kxe5; 612. Qxe5, Qxe5; 613. Kxe5, Kxe5; 614. Qxe5, Qxe5; 615. Kxe5, Kxe5; 616. Qxe5, Qxe5; 617. Kxe5, Kxe5; 618. Qxe5, Qxe5; 619. Kxe5, Kxe5; 620. Qxe5, Qxe5; 621. Kxe5, Kxe5; 622. Qxe5, Qxe5; 623. Kxe5, Kxe5; 624. Qxe5, Qxe5; 625. Kxe5, Kxe5; 626. Qxe5, Qxe5; 627. Kxe5, Kxe5; 628. Qxe5, Qxe5; 629. Kxe5, Kxe5; 630. Qxe5, Qxe5; 631. Kxe5, Kxe5; 632. Qxe5, Qxe5; 633. Kxe5, Kxe5; 634. Qxe5, Qxe5; 635. Kxe5, Kxe5; 636. Qxe5, Qxe5; 637. Kxe5, Kxe5; 638. Qxe5, Qxe5; 639. Kxe5, Kxe5; 640. Qxe5, Qxe5; 641. Kxe5, Kxe5; 642. Qxe5, Qxe5; 643. Kxe5, Kxe5; 644. Qxe5, Qxe5; 645. Kxe5, Kxe5; 646. Qxe5, Qxe5; 647. Kxe5, Kxe5; 648. Qxe5, Qxe5; 649. Kxe5, Kxe5; 650. Qxe5, Qxe5; 651. Kxe5, Kxe5; 652. Qxe5, Qxe5; 653. Kxe5, Kxe5; 654. Qxe5, Qxe5; 655. Kxe5, Kxe5; 656. Qxe5, Qxe5; 657. Kxe5, Kxe5; 658. Qxe5, Qxe5; 659. Kxe5, Kxe5; 660. Qxe5, Qxe5; 661. Kxe5, Kxe5; 662. Qxe5, Qxe5; 663. Kxe5, Kxe5; 664. Qxe5, Qxe5; 665. Kxe5, Kxe5; 666. Qxe5, Qxe5; 667. Kxe5, Kxe5; 668. Qxe5, Qxe5; 669. Kxe5, Kxe5; 670. Qxe5, Qxe5; 671. Kxe5, Kxe5; 672. Qxe5, Qxe5; 673. Kxe5, Kxe5; 674. Qxe5, Qxe5; 675. Kxe5, Kxe5; 676. Qxe5, Qxe5; 677. Kxe5, Kxe5; 678. Qxe5, Qxe5; 679. Kxe5, Kxe5; 680. Qxe5, Qxe5; 681. Kxe5, Kxe5; 682. Qxe5, Qxe5; 683. Kxe5, Kxe5; 684. Qxe5, Qxe5; 685. Kxe5, Kxe5; 686. Qxe5, Qxe5; 687. Kxe5, Kxe5; 688. Qxe5, Qxe5; 689. Kxe5, Kxe5; 690. Qxe5, Qxe5; 691. Kxe5, Kxe5; 692. Qxe5, Qxe5; 693. Kxe5, Kxe5; 694. Qxe5, Qxe5; 695. Kxe5, Kxe5; 696. Qxe5, Qxe5; 697. Kxe5, Kxe5; 698. Qxe5, Qxe5; 699. Kxe5, Kxe5; 700. Qxe5, Qxe5; 701. Kxe5, Kxe5; 702. Qxe5, Qxe5; 703. Kxe5, Kxe5; 704. Qxe5, Qxe5; 705. Kxe5, Kxe5; 706. Qxe5, Qxe5; 707. Kxe5, Kxe5; 708. Qxe5, Qxe5; 709. Kxe5, Kxe5; 710. Qxe5, Qxe5; 711. Kxe5, Kxe5; 712. Qxe5, Qxe5; 713. Kxe5, Kxe5; 714. Qxe5, Qxe5; 715. Kxe5, Kxe5; 716. Qxe5, Qxe5; 717. Kxe5, Kxe5; 718. Qxe5, Qxe5; 719. Kxe5, Kxe5; 720. Qxe5, Qxe5; 721. Kxe5, Kxe5; 722. Qxe5, Qxe5; 723. Kxe5, Kxe5; 724. Qxe5, Qxe5; 725. Kxe5, Kxe5; 726. Qxe5, Qxe5; 727. Kxe5, Kxe5; 728. Qxe5, Qxe5; 729. Kxe5, Kxe5; 730. Qxe5, Qxe5; 731. Kxe5, Kxe5; 732. Qxe5, Qxe5; 733. Kxe5, Kxe5; 734. Qxe5, Qxe5; 735. Kxe5, Kxe5; 736. Qxe5, Qxe5; 737. Kxe5, Kxe5; 738. Qxe5, Qxe5; 739. Kxe5, Kxe5; 740. Qxe5, Qxe5; 7

